The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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HOW COMMUNICATIONS ARE INTERRUPTED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Disloyal Dutch Women are Said to Break the Telegraph Wires in Cape Colony.

The Mirror of Life
EXPOSITOR OF MODERN SPORT, THE DRAMA AND THE TURF
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REGINALD CORBISHLEY (Dover).—Louis Cyr lifted 3,641lb in his great back lift at the South London Music Hall, November, 1891. He also performed the following feats at St. Louis Hall, Chicago, on May 8, 1896:—Sweep up with either hand at full arm's length above head with the right, then with the left hand, a 183¼lb dumb-bell; picked up a dumb-bell weighing 258¼lb with the left hand from the floor to the shoulder, then with steady push until the arm was at full length above head and the body erect; picked up a dumb-bell from the floor with right hand, of 131¼lb, to the shoulder, then straightened out at right angles with his body, and held it out in this position for five seconds, and bringing the dumb-bell back to the shoulder; holding out separately and at the same time, with both hands at right angles with body, 97¼lb with right and 88lb with the left; picking up with one hand from floor to shoulder a dumb-bell of 162¼lb, then pushing it up at full arm's length above the head thirty-six times in succession; lifting with one finger from the floor without artificial aid on bare fingers 552½lb; lifting off the floor with both hands, without the help of the knees, by the main grip of the hands, 1,897¼lb; lifting off the floor with one hand, without help of the knees, by the main grip of the hand, 987lb; shouldering with the right hand only on the right shoulder, without the help of the knees, by taking hold of the chime of a barrel filled with sand and water, weighing 433lb; pulling against four draught horses, well shod, 1,200lb each, aggregating therefore 4,800lb, two of said horses hitched to each arm, while holding the arms folded, with one strap passed around each arm at the elbow—the horses pulled in opposite directions with all their strength while being whipped by a man, and held them fifty-five seconds.

T. ROWLES.—1. He was born at Helston in Cornwall. 2. Naturalised American.

FRONT.—1. The Colonel twice. 2. G. Stevens, 67 miles 1132 yards in 12 hours.

M. O. I.—J. Darby.

E. VENT.—1. Gallant won. 2. Five by Tricks.

D. G.—The system would not work in practice.

G. T. STEVENS.—"Big Ben," so styled, was champion in 1790.

H. PAGE.—1. Manifesto won twice. 2. Yes.

G. MAWSLEY.—A six days' go-as-you-please at Birmingham.

RHONDDA.—1. 22min 46sec by W. Beach. 2. Not reliable as a test.

T. GOOD.—He was born at Hull.

E. X. E.—Sam Loates, O. Madden, and M. Cannon.

J. HOBSON.—He can lead whichever card he likes.

G. GREEN.—Not with a flying start.

D. A. T.—1. Twenty years of age. 2. Weight about 8st 6lb.

E. ROSE.—Unpaced standing start.

V. V.—Kitchener's weight was 2st 1lb.

MYRTHER.—You have been misinformed. John L. Sullivan never fought Joe Goss on April 6, 1880. Sullivan and Goss boxed a three rounds exhibition at the Music Hall, Boston, U.S.A. Goss was virtually knocked out in the second round, but Sullivan let up, and Goss finished the third round. Both John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett were champions of America, but not of the world.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

"KID" McCOY v. JOE CHOYNSKI.

THE "PEDLAR" PALMER v. JEM WILLIAMS CONTEST OFF.

THE SMITH v. CURLEY CONTEST.

THEORY and practice are two different things. In theory, after his contest with Peter Maher, "Kid" McCoy had reduced glove-fighting to a game of mental calculation, how an opponent's blows were to be anticipated and stopped, and mental was to be victorious over physical force. This does not appear to have been the case when "Kid" McCoy met the Jewish champion. We read that in the first round Joe Choynski was as good as "Kid" McCoy—that is, honours were divided. In the second round Joe brought the "Kid" down with a punch on the jaw, and that the "mental calculator" was down, according to the official timekeeper, twelve seconds. If, according to the official timekeeper, McCoy was down twelve seconds, then he should have lost the fight. Timekeeping was not in the hands of the referee, and his remark about McCoy being only down nine seconds could not stand. Choynski had none the worst of the third round, but when the gong was sounded and the Jew champion dropped his hands, turned his back on McCoy, and started to his corner, McCoy's punch was as foul a one as could have been given, and should have merited instant disqualification. Instead of this, as Choynski after this foul blow is unable to continue the fight, the sponge is thrown up in favour of McCoy. We wait further developments; but in both the matter of the blow and in the matter of time, as we read the fight, the impartiality of the referee leaves room for doubt.

For some weeks past a considerable amount of space in large type in a daily sporting organ has been given, first to the announcement that "Pedlar" Palmer was laying the enormous sum of £1,000 to £800 that he would stop Jem Williams under eight rounds; then the conditions were altered, and "Pedlar" Palmer engaged to stop Jem Williams in ten rounds. This match took as many forms as Proteus. Again, we were informed that the match was not that "Pedlar" Palmer should stop Jem Williams in ten rounds, but the match was to be decided under Queensberry rules. Last week this match took a fourth shape when the donor of the purse announced that he had withdrawn his offer. We are told by the stakeholder that out of the stoppage money—the enormous sum of £1,800—the insignificant amount of £25 a-side is down. We have yet to learn whether the men will withdraw the stakes or fight.

It is not often that a match of the magnitude of the Smith v. Curley contest travels the full length of the contract; but the one on Monday night at Ginnett's Circus was far more satisfactory than its big predecessor at Newcastle from which so much was expected, the contest between Dick Burge and Bobby Dobbs. Contrary to our expectations, Will Curley won after the eighth round. Whatever doubt there was about the contest up to this round was entirely dissipated afterwards, for Curley's chance looked rosy all through the remaining rounds. The Newcastle folk like to have a winner, and such a shout went up when the verdict was awarded to Curley as never before was heard in the interior of Ginnett's Circus.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN HOME.

A Strange Meeting Between Brothers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A STRANGE reunion occurred recently between two brothers. About twenty-five years had elapsed since James Toller had left his home and native land for the sunny south, and, forgetting and being forgotten by his friends, the time had quickly slipped away, until on his return he thought once more of home and those he had left behind. Standing at the bank counter was a City man in the usual attire; but what attracted the stranger was in answer to his name of Robert Toller. He turned and looked curiously at the gent in the top hat, and remarked casually, "That's my brother's name," and placing his hand on the other's shoulder, said, "And you are my brother." He was right.

THE BOERS WHEN TREKKING SING TO EACH OTHER.

As they Travel the Dusty Veldt in Search of a New Home.

(Subject of Illustration).

TREKKING! trekking! trekking! through the Zululand we go,
The midnight tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe—
Before—the savage foe to meet, the "red-coat" foe behind—
What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the wind?
Ah, over the Vaal we shall find our peace—over the rushing Vaal—
The Lord has led us to rest at last—blindly we followed his call;
The land he promised is ours to keep—is ours for ever to keep—
Piet, what noise is that in the fold—think you a wolf at the sheep?
Trekking! trekking! trekking! we have trekkled till our tall, strong men
Have sworn an oath, by our father's God, we shall never trekk again!
The doors of the northward veldt are closed—the doors of our heart are strong—
They shall open their lock to the brother's knock—but not to the threat of wrong!
There is the gun your father bore when he climbed Majuba's Hill—
'Tis yours, Piet, to bear it now, with your father's faith and will—
For the land is ours—the land is ours—if ever a land was won—
You go at the dawn, you say, my son? Yes, go at the dawn, my son!

(Explanatory notes—Trekking means emigrating; veldt stands for prairie; Vaal is the river dividing Transvaal and Orange Free State.

WILL CURLEY.

Of Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of the Best at his Weight in England, who Met Nat Smith in a Twenty Rounds Contest at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday Evening, January 22.

(With Portrait.)

WILLIAM CURLEY was born in 1876. He has defeated W. Kirton in 5rds; T. Kelly, 2rds; L. Curtis, 6rds; Tom Sexton, 6rds; beat Bill Sparrow twice; draw with T. Murphy, 8rds; beat Fred Sullivan twice; beat E. Francis, 1rd; beat Ike Cohen, 4rds; beat S. Rein, 6rds; beat J. J. Garrity, 8rds; beat Joe Farrell, 9rds; beaten by C. Beadling, 20rds; beat Ted Daley, 3rds; beat Tom Turner, 20rds; beat Patsy Haley, 20rds; knocked out Australian Billy Murphy, 8rds; beaten by George Dixon, 25rds; met Nat Smith, January 22, at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and won in 20rds.

COLONIAL TROOPS HAVE A SUCCESSFUL BRUSH WITH THE BOERS.

Boer Outpost Retreats and Leave their Dinners at the Farmhouse.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE Colonial contingent have already invaded the Free State, and after a careful survey, returned to camp, having found the country very favourable. A couple of farms which had been used as a camp have been destroyed, and at one place the Boers left in such a hurried manner that the Colonials were able to partake of the dinners which were just about to be demolished by those who had retreated. Shots were exchanged with the escaping Boers and two men were hit.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—A. J. Newton, Dave Peters, Jem Barry (St. James's), Charley Brown (Stamford Hill), Dick Hook, George Swanney, George Raby, James Braithwaite, Le Neve (strong man), "Sailor" Richardson, Ben Harris, J. Briggs, Tom Lessions, George Campbell (showman), H. Gess, Atlas, Vulcans, Charles Mannering (Chatham), Jack Jenkins, "Solly" Smith, Harry Westbrook, and Ernie Plummer.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for James Achew (club artist), Samuel Craig (two), Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler"), Ben Harris (M.C.), G. J. Smink, Prof. H. Cullis, Dick Jordan, J. Fitzgibbons, Frank Leon, Dick Burge, Pat Condon, Chad Heald, P. J King, George Slark, Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer), J. F. White (three), Matt Precious, George Matthews, J. Eden, H. Chance Newton, P. Gorman, Jem Holloway, Robert Fitzsimmons (three), J. Corbett, C. McCoy, Billy Plimmer, Bill Heffernan, George Fox Giles, Claude Thompson, Ted Wakeham, Ernie Greaves, Driver Pinchen, Matthew Wellington Wood, Mace Williams, Bobby Dobbs, and Jem Hall.

THE STONEMASON'S LOVE.

I WAS brought up to the sound of the song and the hammers which marked its rhythm, as the stone-cutters worked and sung, from morning to night. From the time that I was old enough to walk I passed my time in the stoneyard, seated on a stone, watching with admiration and delight the movements of the men and listening to the different sounds produced by the varying quality of the stones under the mallet and chisel. The men filled me with delighted enthusiasm. There was one who impressed me more than any of the others, and whose memory is vivid in my mind to this day He was a fine figure of a man, tall, strong, healthy, and his face seemed to have absorbed some expression from his profession, it was so stern, calm, and unchangeable. His name, I think, was Joseph Roberts, but he was called "Silence" by the other workmen, on account of his rarity of speech. He was liked by everyone, however, for in his silence there was nothing churlish, but simply the revelation of a quiet nature. "Silence" took his meals with the other workmen at a little boarding-house in the village. The house was an example of the old-fashioned country inn, and through its wide halls and big rooms there now resounded the laughter of a pretty girl. Why Silence should have fallen in love with eighteen-year-old Marie when he must have been much older than she, and more subdued and reticent, it is hard to say. I was at the age when one is not particularly interested in these things. The fact remains that this seemingly cold, hard man performed for the girl a thousand little acts of tender thoughtfulness, and changed colour at a smile or word from her. I remember that he went every evening when work was over to pick a bouquet, that she might have in her window a bunch of her favourite field flowers. Soon the condition of his heart was a secret to no one, his companions having surprised many a look of admiration thrown to Marie, and then there commenced a series of mockeries and rough, good-natured jests, of which he was the victim. But he, wrapped in his silence and his dream, worked away and paid no attention to what went on around him. They used to think that he did not even hear them talk, but the day came when they found out their mistake. Marie herself seemed to have found pleasure in taming this savage and finally showed quite openly, by her smiles and glances, that she wished to encourage her lover still further. It was understood that they were to be married, though I think nothing had been arranged definitely between them. About this time a new workman came to the yard, an Italian named Ranco, who became, from the moment of his arrival, a personal enemy of Silence. It is no wonder that this was the case, as Ranco was conceited, loud, and a runner after girls, rumour even stating that he was a breaker of hearts. He looked the part, too, with his black eyes, curly hair, and handsome face. He took his meals with the others, and it was plainly seen that Marie was not insensible to the languishing looks he bestowed upon her. All her tender little attentions to Silence ceased also, and she became changed, so that everyone noticed it. Her laugh came less often, and had no longer a spontaneous ring. She was quiet and silent as her old lover to whom she paid no attention. One day, a day I shall never forget, for I was there, sitting on my stone, and saw it all, Ranco came into the yard with a flower in his coat. "Where did you get the flower?" asked someone. "Marie gave it to me for a kiss," replied Ranco, in his careless way. Silence dropped his mallet and turned toward his rival. "Who?" "Marie—Marie is what I said, old tight-mouth. Have you anything to say?" replied the Italian, insolently, as he picked up his mallet, ready to begin work. "Yes, I have this to say," answered Silence, "that you are a liar! And this to do——" and he snatched the flower from the buttonhole of Ranco's coat. With a cry of rage Ranco sprang forward, raised his mallet high in the air and brought it down with a crash upon Silence's head. He dropped to the ground instantly. In the excitement which followed the Italian escaped and it was not until they knew that their friend was dead that they thought of his murderer. It was too late. Ranco had gone and no trace of him was ever found. Marie was inconsolable. For months she would see no one, would speak to no one. Her face took an expression of stern silence which much resembled that of her dead lover. Her nervous prostration was such that her friends became anxious for her health, the one and only remedy was found in the Little Diamond Liver Pills, and Marie's health was restored. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

OUR WAR COLUMN.

SLOWLY ADVANCING.

WARREN'S NIGHT ATTACK.

A BRILLIANT BOXER.

A LETTER HOME.

NEWS FROM GATACRE AND FRENCH.

THE NEW GUN AT KIMBERLEY.

SPEARMAN'S CAMP, Monday, January 22 (9.15 a.m.).—Sir Charles Warren's guns cannonaded the Boer works occasionally during the night.

The enemy's defences consist of numerous trenches, walls, and redoubts, from which our troops successively dislodge them in dashing style.

The Boers endeavour to keep the majority of their men out of range until they are actually wanted, and so do we.

Our wounded are doing well.

CHAMPION BOXER.

"I had a talk with some of the wounded at Spyfontein on their way through. Most of them were very cheerful and were reading papers and smoking cigarettes. One Guardsman told me a story of the Belmont fight. When our men had rushed the hill and were at

PRIVATE COLLINS.

the top Private Collins, of the Grenadiers—the champion boxer of the Army—found himself face to face with a Boer, who said, 'Spare me; I have only done my duty.' Collins, who had his bayonet fixed, replied, 'You have done your duty, and I am going to do mine'—and he made the Boer a present of his bayonet. Before he could disengage himself he was shot through the head by another Boer, who was no doubt carefully hiding behind a rock."

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

Driver Stead.
Royal Field Artillery,
De Aar,
South Africa,
Christmas Day.

DEAR SISTER,—Glad to inform you of my safe arrival out here. We have been here seven days now at De Aar, but we do not know when we may make a move. We are 500 miles from Cape Town and about 30 from the Boers, and are all anxious to get up to the fighting line, which we hope will not be long, as there are 5,000 troops lying here, and more coming in every day, but they have to leave a large number here to guard the camp, as there are tons of ammunition laying here, and over-store of every description; but all the troops are anxiously waiting their turn to go further up. I am glad to say that all here are in splendid health. The men here think that it will be a long time before it is all over, and that they will want a thousand more out here, as it takes plenty of men to guard the railways and different things on the line of communication. I hope Harry is not being sent out, but I am thinking that he will have to come. This place here is as bad as India for the head, and we have sand storms all the day; but the horses we brought out are sticking it well, as we have only lost two.

Well, dear sister, I think I have said all this time. This is not much of a Christmas Day, as we cannot get even a pint of beer, but cannot expect anything else out here. To go by the home papers you would think that Tommy Atkins in Africa was going to have a fine dinner to-day, but it is the same as any other day—not even a bit of plum pudding that the papers talk about. So will close with fondest love to you.

I remain,
Your loving brother,
CHARLES.

WITH GATACRE AND FRENCH.

NIGHT ALARM.

BOERS FIRE FURIOUSLY INTO THE DARKNESS.

RENSBURG, January 21 (4.10 p.m.) (delayed by Censor).—Last night, about nine o'clock, the Boers began firing furiously all along their main position.

Three tiers of rifle fire could be seen.

The firing lasted three-quarters of an hour.

The reason for this alarm is unknown.

The scare is understood to have been caused by a commotion amongst the enemy's cattle.

The Boers evidently thought we were attacking, and kept up a brisk fusillade for some time. They shot several of their own cattle.

GENERAL GATACRE QUIET.

STERKSTROOM, January 22.—Affairs here remain quiet. Commandant Olivier states that he will detain as prisoners all newspaper correspondents who may be captured. Tremendous swarms of locusts are passing over the camp in a northerly direction. They are destroying the grass of the veldt.

MADE IN KIMBERLEY.

"LONG CECIL," 28-POUNDER GUN, EXPECTED TO DO GRAND WORK.

KIMBERLEY, January 19 (by heliograph to Modder River, January 21).—A 28-pounder gun, which has been christened "Long Cecil," has been manufactured at the De Beers workshops. It was tried to-day, and fired accurately at 8,000 yards' range. Great things are expected from the new weapon.

THE BOER GENERAL ON HIS WAY TO THE FRONT.

Joubert and Steyn Both Ride in Carriages to the Scene of Action.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE Boer generals do not go to the front mounted. It is said that Joubert is driven in a carriage drawn by six horses. President Steyn, with a body guard, seated in an open four-wheeler with a pair of black horses, is often seen travelling through the country. The coachman, like President Kruger, wears the stove pipe black hat, encircled with yellow ribbon, while the burghers on foot who form the guard carry rifles and walk beside the vehicle.

MISS MILDRED NELSON.

A Clever Young Lady who Gets a Big Salary for Her Eccentric Dancing.

(With Portrait.)

MISS MILDRED NELSON is perhaps better known on the other side, or, more properly speaking, New York, where she is a popular favourite. She visited Paris, but her stay was short, owing to her being recalled to fill a particular rôle in a new production, after which her next field is London, where she hopes to be successful.

VALARIE CONSTANT.

The Charming and Beautiful Parisian Vocalist and Dancer.

(With Portrait.)

MADEMOISELLE VALARIE CONSTANT was born of French parents in Canada. Her voice was the first to attract attention, when, after several months in cultivating it, she readily obtained a position in the company then performing at Montreal, from which time she has rapidly advanced in the profession.

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD,

One of the Wealthiest Princes of India, who Paid £2,000,000 for a Diamond, and Will Fight the Boers.

(With Portrait.)

AMONG the most significant and acceptable of all loyal proffers must be ranked that of the Nizam of Hyderabad. His Highness—who rules, as is well-known, a vast, prosperous and powerful State, full of fiery and restless Mohammedans—has urgently demanded leave to place "his sword, his person, his purse, and his troops" at the service of her Majesty in her "just and necessary" war in South Africa. Applications to be allowed to furnish subsidies have been made also by the Begum of Bhopal, by central and southern rulers, and above all by the great chief of Gwalior, the Maharajah Scindia, who has six thousand splendid cavalry and fourteen thousand infantry, and represents with the Gaikwar and Holkar the Mahratta Power.

Good indeed it would be to see the famous yellow flag of Gwalior floating in the British battle side by side with the five-coloured banner of Jeypore, and the pennant with the full moon of Hyderabad. And what these princes of India offered they were not only cordially ready to carry out, but it would have been the glory and the joy of their lives and reigns so to ride, with their splendid levies, in the files of a British army on foreign duty.

SOLLY SMITH, being dissatisfied with his defeat by Mick Mathias, would like to box him eight or ten rounds if any promoter (bar Dick Hook) will give a purse. Will have a £5 side stake on the result.

"GINGER" CASEY, of Spitalfields, would like to box Joe Warrick, Joe Brown, or Bill Lewis six or eight rounds if any boxing promoter will give a purse worth boxing for.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, January 13, 1900.

EDITOR THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

THE sporting world still rings with echoes of the great fistic drama that was enacted in the arena of the Broadway Athletic Club on Tuesday night, when George Dixon, the erstwhile champion, was deturoned to make room for McGovern, his young antagonist. On all sides the powers of the new champion are discussed, and it is only now that McGovern receives due credit for his past performances. In the eyes of many the youngster's record of knock-outs was looked upon as a succession of flukes. His opponents were considered inferior baiters. Even his victory over "Pedlar" Palmer was criticised, and the English champion was accused of throwing the fight. His go with Dixon provided the first real test of his merit, and all that can be said is that he proved himself well equal to the task. The result shows that he performed the duties cut out for him admirably, and has left no trace of doubt in the minds of those who know what fighting is that he is the superior of all his class at the present time. The sporting fraternity speaks volumes in his praise, and even Dixon compliments him on his ability. He has surprised even his most ardent admirers. Of course, his followers looked for a victory, but the manner in which he wrested the title from the famous coloured lad was a revelation even to them. Sam Harris, Terry's manager, expected that his protége would win out, but, well as Harris knows the boy, he admits that he, too, underestimated the present champion's capabilities. The question asked now is, Who will be the next victim? McGovern has two important engagements to take place in this city. He will meet Oscar Gardner at the Broadway Club, March 9, and two weeks later will tackle Joe Bernstein, the champion of the east side. McGovern was about town as usual the day after his fight, and showed no ill effects of his encounter with Dixon. He did not carry a mark of the battle on his countenance. On the other hand, Dixon's face bore many souvenirs of his final battle. His eyes and left ear were badly swollen, silent but eloquent testimony of his conquerer's wonderful hitting powers. Although Dixon's appearance showed well the part of the defeated, still the great punishment he received was not visible. It was the body punching that affected Dixon most, and it will be probably many days before he feels himself again. Ring history is closed, so far as the little coloured lad's future plans are concerned. He has retired from the ring, and will spend the rest of his days in some other business than prize fighting. Arrangements are being made to give Dixon a benefit in all the large sporting cities throughout the country. McGovern and many other prominent sporting men have volunteered to assist in the movement. The receipts of the Dixon-McGovern fight at the Broadway A.C. on Tuesday night were over $24,000. As the boys fought for 50 per cent. of the entire amount, 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 to the loser, McGovern for winning, therefore, received $9,059.25, while Dixon got for the loser's end $3,415.50. Terry McGovern had about as close an escape from being asphyxiated by gas on the night before his battle with Dixon as anyone ever had. McGovern, after winding up his hard day's work on Monday, retired to his room for the night at his training quarters, accompanied by his manager, Harris. Harris brought up a lighted lamp to the room and left it on the table. Both then went to bed and fell asleep. McGovern was the first up next morning, and, smelling gas, immediately lighted a match. Going over to the burner, the jet lighted it without turning the valve. In speaking about the narrow escape yesterday, Harris said: "It certainly was a lucky thing for Terry and me that there wasn't a strong pressure of gas on, for we both would have been done for, and O'Rourke would still have his champion." Harris said he thought the escaping gas was probably caused by some of Terry's trainers turning out the gas and failing to turn the valve all the way.

Albert Griffiths ("Young Griffo"), originally from Australia, more recently from Dunning Insane Asylum, last Saturday evening, at Chicago, took Jack Lewis of that city in hand, and for six rounds, to use a vulgarism, made him look like a soiled deuce in a new pack of cards. The marvellous antipodean, in making his re-entry into the ring, took on a fairly hard game. He ran counter to a well-organised effort at a "hog killing," for in recent years there has hardly been the amount of money wagered on a glove contest as was seen last night. One man, the backer of Lewis, is known to have lost between $2,000 and $2,500. The cold-blooded speculator figured that by reason of "Griffo's" incarceration at Dunning Asylum a thinning of the skull had set in, and deliberately set his man after the Australian's head. From the tap of the gong in the first round until Referee Siler declared "Griffo" the winner, the "Feather" simply played with his man. In the fourth round "Griffo" was pushed back by a left-handed lead from Lewis, and slipped to the tarpaulin. This was about the most offensive bit of work done by the local man. George Dawson, who had "Griffo" in charge, ordered the Australian to get and maintain a safe lead without subjecting his hands to the hazards of hard work. This was done in order to save the Australian's weapons for his fight at Tattersall's against Young Kenny.

Jack Root, of Chicago, was given the decision over Tommy West, of New York, at the end of the six rounds in Tattersall's pavilion the other night. In the first and second rounds honours were about even, Root depending largely on straight left jabs, and West on short hooks in the clinches. In the sixth Root started in to finish his man if possible, and although he had West going inside of a minute, he was not able to put him out. Just preceding the Root-West fight, "Young Griffo," of Australia, was given the decision over Young Kenny, of Chicago. The men were to fight at 133lb, but Kenny was at least 15lb overweight.

Former light-weight champion "Kid" Lavigne, who sailed on Thursday without letting his most intimate friends know, is not going abroad to fight Dick Burge, whom he once easily defeated. M. Gabbell, a wealthy Frenchman from California, who has known Lavigne for many years, proposed the trip the night before the pair sailed. Gabbell is paying all expenses. Charlemont, who is the champion of France with his pedal extremities, will be challenged, Lavigne to use his hands. The latter and his friend expect to visit other European cities before they return, which may not be until the Paris Exposition is over.

"Solly" Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., and Frank Patterson, of Brooklyn, have been signed to fight twenty-five rounds at the Hercules A.C. of Brooklyn, next Monday night. These boys have already met twice. On each occasion the decision was a draw, but on each occasion there was fun of the furious kind, and it is not too much to say that four out of five who saw them fight before will go to see them again.

Eddie Connolly, the crack light-weight fighter, and Jack Daly, of Wilmington, have been matched to meet in a twenty rounds bout at the Olympic A.C., of Buffalo, on January 29.

THE TATTLER.

HOW COMMUNICATIONS ARE INTERRUPTED.

The Disloyal Dutch Women are said to Break the Telegraph Wires in Cape Colony.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE disloyal Dutch in Cape Colony have proved a thorn in the side of General Gatacre's little force. To save their communications in rear from being interfered with or cut off, a large body of troops have been left behind to guard the railway and telegraph, but it is asserted that in spite of their apparent friendship the women have managed to avoid suspicion, and gaining their object on the railway, have cut the wires, which has caused delay.

THE BELMONT HERO (THE LATE David St. John).—A circular, emanating from the Rising Sun, The Hayes, Cardiff, informs us of a meeting at the above hotel for the purpose of obtaining funds to erect a memorial stone to David St. John, on the 24th inst., at seven o'clock. Jack Shaw (Corporal Shaw, of the Life Guards), matched with Tom Cribb for the pugilistic championship of England, has a memorial stone erected to him in a Nottingham churchyard. Jack is supposed to have killed sixteen Frenchmen at the grand charge of the Lifeguards at Waterloo.

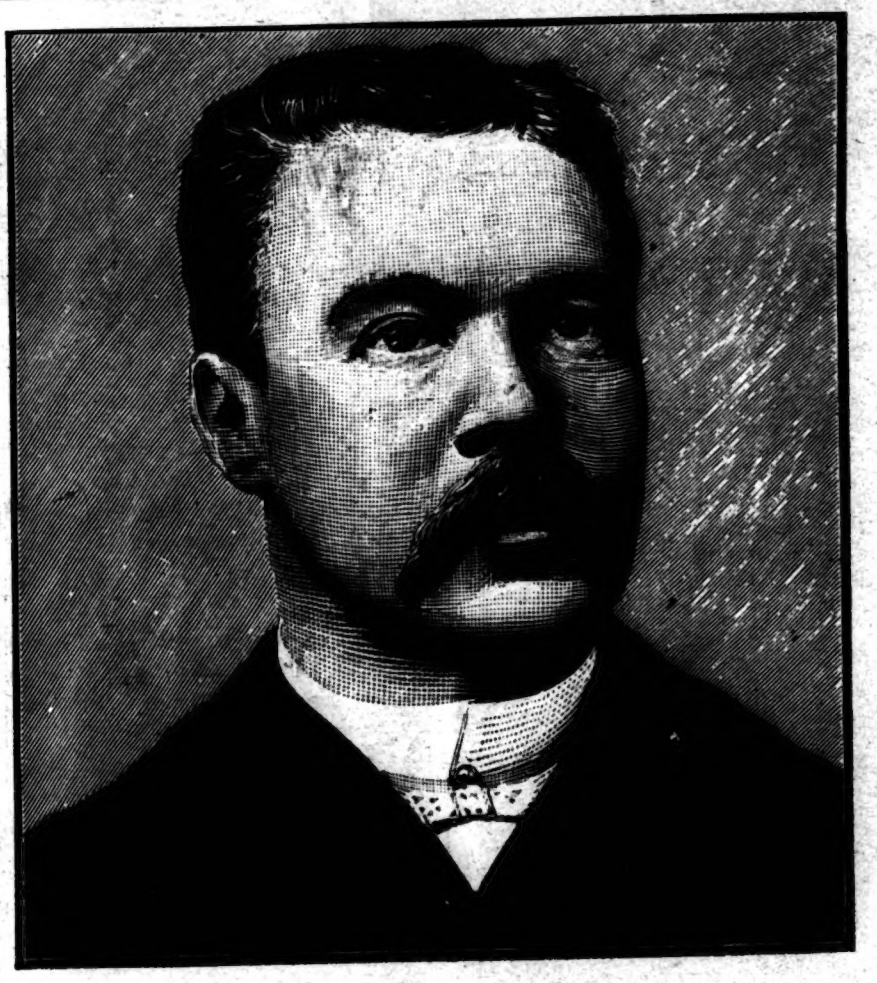
H. ADAMS, of Plymouth, has opened Martin Street Hall in that district as a gymnasium and boxing school. On February 2 Adams will give a silver goblet and a purse of gold for competitions open to the West of England and the garrison at 8st 4lb and 8st 6lb.

JACK JENKINS, jun., seeing that Mick Mathias was successful over Solly Smith, Jenkins, jun., will box him ten or fifteen rounds, if any boxing promoter (bar Dick Hook) will give a purse.

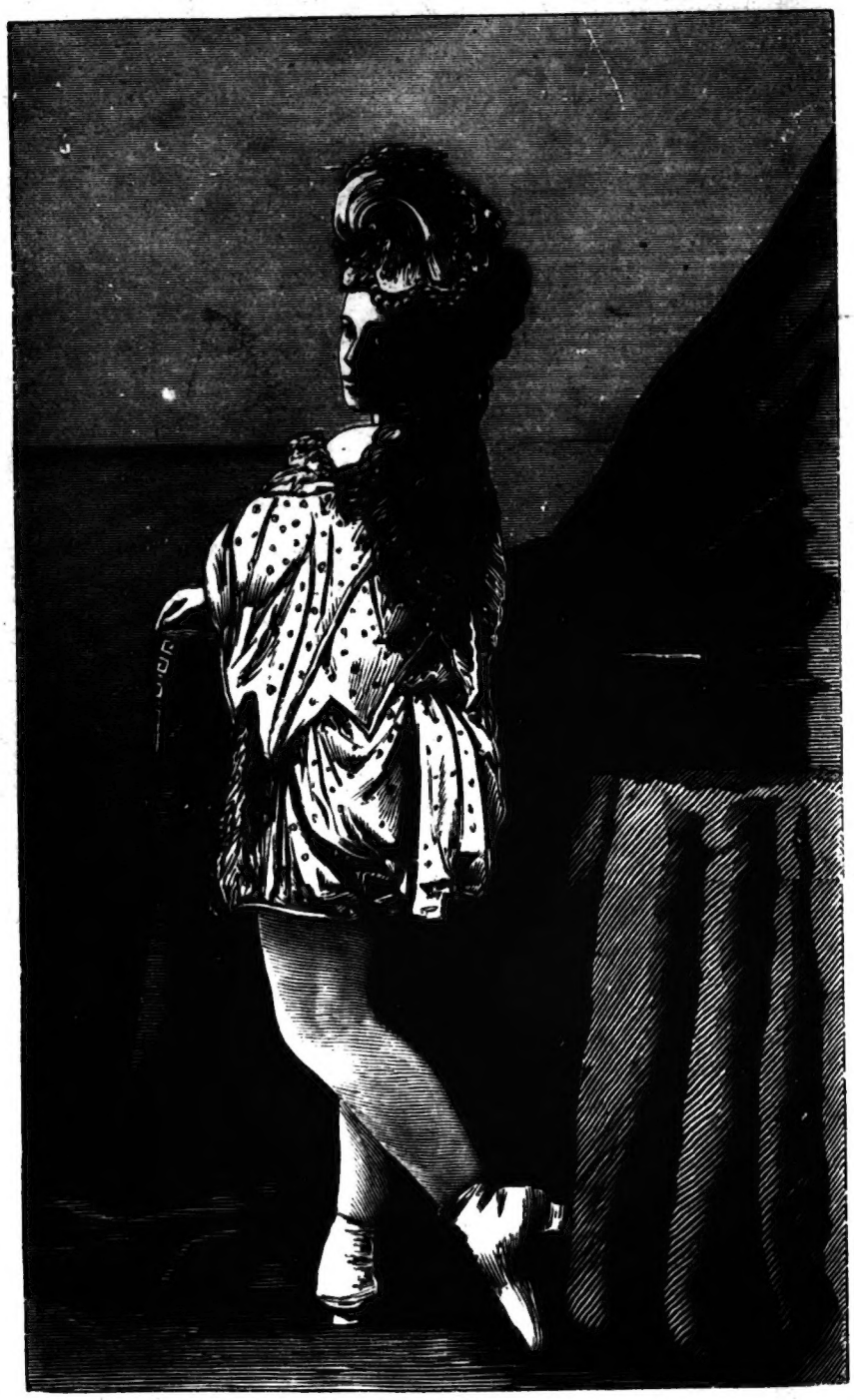
HARRY WRIGHT WITHDRAWS HIS Purse.—"Pedlar" Palmer v. Jem Williams.—The contest between these bantams will not take place at Wonderland on account of the knock-out rumours. Harry Wright has withdrawn his purse.

TOM LESSIONS, of Clerkenwell, will box Jack Regan eight or ten rounds if Harry Williams will give a purse. An answer will oblige.

THE BATTLE OF ELANDS LAAGTE.
Colonel Scott Chisholm, Fifth (Royal Irish) Lancers, Falls While Leading the South African Imperial Light Horse to Victory.



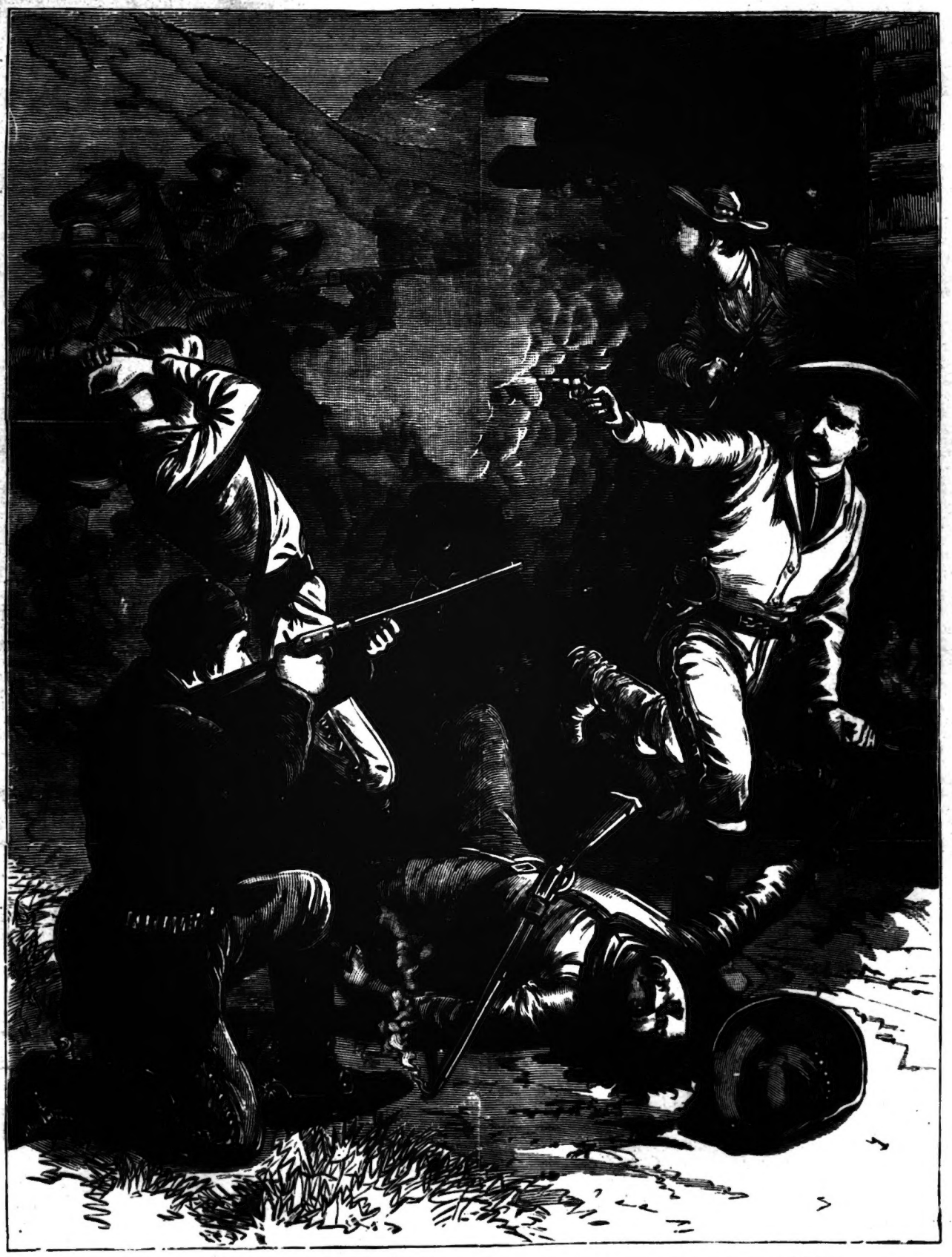
THE LATE "NOBBY" CLARKE.
A Pugilist who Played Many Parts.



VALARIE CONSTANT,
The Charming and Beautiful Parisian Vocalist and Dancer.

MISS MILDRED NELSON,
A Clever Young Lady, who Gets a Big Salary for her Eccentric Dancing

THE BOERS, WHEN TREKKING, SING TO EACH OTHER
As they Travel the Dusty Veldt in Search of a New Home.



COLONIAL TROOPS HAVE A SUCCESSFUL BRUSH WITH THE BOERS.
Boer Outpost Retreats, and Leave their Dinners at the Farm House.

TOMMY ATKINS AND THE VOLUNTEERS.—The "Soldiers of the Queen" had to spend nearly all their available pocket-money to prevent themselves dying from sheer starvation; but the 500 City Volunteers who started in the Briton and the Garth Castle for South Africa recently will be luckier as regards food than if they were in a Government transport. They are the guests of the shipowners, who will treat them as third-class passengers, an arrangement which means four substantial meals daily. Breakfast, for example, will include porridge and steak or chop, things not to be found at the same repast in an ordinary transport. If the Volunteers paid for their fares the total would be £6,834. That sum, therefore, is a gift from the two companies to the nation.

FOUR SONS AT THE FRONT.—Commissionaire Sergeant Chinnery, who is well known to the majority of habitués of Manchester Race Meetings, is in the proud position of having no fewer than four sons serving their country at the front in South Africa at the present time.

CYCLISTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.—The cyclists of the Inns of Court R.V., who have been accepted for active service with the City Imperial Volunteers, have tested their machines at Lincoln's Inn. The men were put through various evolutions by Lieutenant Hale to thoroughly test the bicycles, which were satisfactory. The machines, with the exception of the two smallest, are fitted with double top tubes, and all have 68in gear with 7in cranks, plunger breaks, and metal mud-guards, everything being enamelled khaki.

THE HALF MILE-AMATEUR SWIMMING Championship of New South Wales.—The half-mile amateur swimming championship of New South Wales was decided at Sydney on December 9. W. H. Bond, of the Eastern Suburbs Club, won in 13min. 36sec.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF the Thames.—Geo. Towns, in company with Tom Sullivan, made the journey to Newcastle to endeavour to arrange for his match with Wray to be rowed on the Thames. The conditions of the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup, however, stipulate that the race shall be rowed alternately on the Thames and Tyne, and, though these have been broken, Wray insists on his right to have the match decided on the northern river. Towns has since written to the donors of the cup stating that as both Wray and himself are Australians the championship should be decided on the metropolitan river.

CYCLING.—Park Palace of Varieties, Liverpool.—One of the principal items of a first-class programme submitted for the delectation of the patrons of the above-named variety theatre during the past week by the popular and courteous manager, Mr. C. M. Riby, has been Bert Howard's celebrated and original troupe of famous lady cyclists, including Misses Kitty Predie, Monie Harwood, Mabel Anderson, and Madame Lily Lutrielle. All have been nightly participating in mile races, which have taken place on the stage by means of a patent apparatus known as the "Home trainer." Most of the events proved intensely exciting, and many close finishes were witnessed and applauded with the utmost enthusiasm. At the end of the week a special competition was determined amongst the local devotees and provoked great interest. Eight amateurs took part, the racing being divided into heats, and the prizes were silver medals presented by Mr. John Birkenhead, of South Street, Liverpool, and Mr. C. M. Riby. The final resulted in favour of T. Groves, who scored easily from his two opponents in the capital time of 1min 23sec. J. Fowler was second and D. Jones third. Bert Howard acted as judge, and Mr. Chas. W. Nixon (special Liverpool representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE), who officiated throughout the week as timekeeper, attended to the clocking, with the assistance of Tommy Noble (North Wales swimming champion), of Liverpool, and Andrew Tucker (Tucker Family sketch artistes) as check timekeepers.

W. A. KENNA, the champion Monte Cristo diver and under water walker, is open to match himself against anybody in world, nobody barred. A deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to.

WEIGHT-LIFTING RECORD.

A BIG CROWD of several hundreds assembled at Earl's Court on Saturday to witness the wrestling and weight-lifting, but the space at our disposal will only allow us to give brief results. Launceston Elliott, who won at weight-lifting with one hand and accomplished good performances at throwing the discus on the occasion of the Olympic games at Athens in 1896, was again in record-breaking vein at the Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling Society's meeting at Sawyear's Riding School, Earl's Court. He raised 216½lb with one arm above his head, thus beating the previous best on record by 2lb. Shannon (9st), Longhurst (10½st), and Baddeley (handicap) were the wrestling winners. The boxing by the brothers Baddeley was judged by "Jolly" Jumbo. "Jolly" could not separate the men, so ordered another round. E. J. Baddeley refused, so brother J. Baddeley was awarded the prize.

SHOWMEN'S SEVENTH ANNUAL Supper at the Agricultural Hall.—This evening, January 24, an entertainment will be given at the above, which will consist of supper and dancing in the grand saloon. Supper at the witching hour of night. Dance to follow.

ANGLO-FRENCH FOOTBALL.—A stubbornly-contested football match (Rugby) was played at Paris on Sunday between a mixed London team and a fifteen of the Racing Club de France. The Englishmen finally won by sixteen points against eleven.

ALF GRIST ("TOBY"), seeing that the bitch Rosie is open to a match, Toby has a male dog that he will match against anything in England at 15lb or 15½lb weight, for £25 a-side, or will oblige anyone for the sake of a match for a fiver, so that it cannot be said he wants to beat a poor man's pocket. Let Harry Carrington know, and he will fix up the match.

DARTS.—Notwithstanding the terrible state of the elements on Sunday evening there was a record attendance at Steve Morgan's tournament. no less than fifty entries being on the card. Mr. A. W. James, of the Borough of Shoreditch Club, officiated as referee, who had no easy task, but nevertheless got the affair through without a hitch. There were two handsome prizes. We cannot go into details of the play, sufficient to say in the semi-final Dodge beat "Young 'Un," Collis beat Jones. Final: Collis beat Dodge. Scores: Collis, 101; Dodge, 76. Each in turn led, Collis, being the most accurate, was the victor, but he had to try all he knew. Mr. Cranfield and Mr. Rose, of New Cross, took the scores accurately. Jack Hammond (Fox Hotel), Walter Miller (Black Bull), Bill Higgins (Scotch Stores), all put in an appearance.

A WHIPPET SHOW will take place at Steve Morgan's, the King Henry VIII., Union Street, Southwark, next Sunday. The ever-popular Bill Higgins, of the Scotch Stores, will give the first prize, host Morgan a second one. Jovial Jack Hammond, Fox Hotel, in the chair, fleet of foot fancier, will attend, so this should be a merry night for Steve. MIRROR OF LIFE, "Caustic" (pink and black colours), as usual, M.C.

MR. THOMAS DAVID CORTHINE, a well-known licensed victualler of the Bricklayers' Arms, Gresse Street, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, is a most affable and widely-respected tradesman, and those who know him should always support him. If you only just look in the bar-parlour of the Bricklayers' Arms, portraits of such celebrities as George Fordham, Tom Cannon, Mornington Cannon, Tommy Loates, Johnny Osborne, and others, not forgetting the "beerometer," adorn the walls. Mr. Corthine is a Freemason, so patronise him.

MR. JACK BIRD, proprietor of the George and Dragon, New North Street, Theobald's Road, again had his pleasant (third) weekly reunion of the little ones, who, of course, mustered in strong force to do their best endeavours to dispose of some of the most substantial food ever provided for their delectation in the locality. We do not wish to praise Mr. Bird, but he certainly deserves it, as he is a man "one will not meet with every day," but does his best for those in distress. Apart from his licensed victualling business, Jack Bird is a man of the world, having been a trainer of all-round amateur athletes, and up to the present nearly 420 youngsters have enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, with the help of Miss Frances Flynn, who each week is an able accompanist, besides a splendid select entertainment, four good joints, besides vegetables in season, also Christmas puddings, apples, oranges, ginger wine, &c, under the able supervision of Mrs. Bird, to be disposed of. The affair will last for another three weeks. Many thanks are due to Mr. Con Mack, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Harris, and other numerous friends. Any contributions sent to Mr. Bird will be duly acknowledged.

A CHAFFINCH TOURNAMENT took place at the King Henry VIII., Union Street, Borough, on Sunday. There were six pairs up. The winning bird was Young Ernie, who scored 5.14.

BAGATELLE.—Steve Morgan requires some more entrants for his bagatelle tournament, this being the first on the new table. He would be pleased to welcome all.

BEN WILTON, of the Lamb, New Road, E., intends to carry on the bird-singing contests that he was so famous for at the Queen Adelaide, Hoxton, and the Hit and Miss, Somers Town, N.E., will give 7s. for three pairs. Now, you members of the feathered tribe, give Ben a call and get your birds ready.

ATLAS, the champion weight-lifter, now performing nightly with the celebrated and charming Vulcana at the Cambridge Music Hall, is open to match his little son, whose bodily weight is 2st 7lb, against any youth of the same weight or up to 3st at weight-lifting for as much money as they can find.

CLIMBED INTO THE WRONG HOUSE.

Startled his Neighbours in the Early Hours.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AFTER a convivial evening at the club, Mr. Roke in the small hours of the morning made his way home in a somewhat hazy condition. The houses in the street in which he lived being of one pattern it was easy to make a mistake. After repeated knockings, which failed to attract attention, the lively Mr. Roke, with the assistance of two friends, essayed to enter by the fanlight over the door. When half-way through lights were suddenly turned on, and the proprietor, pistol in hand, was waiting for the supposed burglar, but the wife coming forward recognised Mr. Roke as a neighbour and saved his skin from being perforated by a bullet.

BILLY THE "KID."

This Desperado of New Mexico will Fight in South Africa.

(With Portrait.)

BILLY the "Kid," the noted man-killer and desperado, was seen and recognised in the streets of New York. Not wishing to attract attention, he invited the person to whom he was known into one of the saloons, and during the conversation informed him that he had raised a party of thirty old Indian fighters and intended offering their services to the British Government to act as scouts in South Africa. To describe this man, who has as many lives as a cat, he appears but ordinary, about forty-five years of age, small of stature, with a rather pleasant face, speaks in an easy tone, and dresses quietly when in town.

NAT SMITH,

Who Met Will Curley at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, January 22, and Bill Whatley, his Trainer.

(With Portraits.)

NAT SMITH, who is a carpenter by trade, is a boxer first and a carpenter afterwards. "Natty" won several prizes; was successful in winning a handsome bicycle as his club prize, and several open competitions. "Natty" entered for all the principal amateur boxing events before he turned pro. "Natty," on December 14, 1896, won the German Gymnastic gold medal; beaten by Bill Wood, of Clapton, 4rds; beat Harry Harry, of Bristol, 18rds; beaten by Jack Roberts, 20rds; beat Harry Maurer in 8rds; met Will Curley at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, January 20, and was defeated in 20rds.

WHAT HIS WIFE SAW IN THE HOTEL LIFT.

She Caught Her Husband Kissing the Maid

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHAT Mrs. Scarriage saw in the hotel lift convinced her that her husband was not faithful. Coming unexpectedly upon the scene she saw Mr. John Scarriage and the maid engaging in close embrace, and the sound of kissing was painfully heard by the surprised lady, who could only ejaculate, "Well, John, I should never have thought it!" and she turned on her heel and left the startled pair, who looked extremely foolish, while Mrs. S. made her way in temper and haste to see her solicitors.

A DESPATCH RIDER'S FATE.

Shot Dead, and his Body Riddled with Bullets.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DESPATCH rider, as may be expected when in an hostile country, carries his life in his hands. Many hairbreadth escapes have already been recorded by the venturesome spirits who engage in this bold, dashing work. On being caught one swallowed his written messages, but a harder fate awaited another, who unfortunately went too near the Boer lines, and was shot, and while on the ground his body was riddled with bullets from revolvers and rifles of the enemy.

THE LATE "NOBBY" CLARKE.

A Pugilist Who Played Many Parts.

(With Portrait.)

THERE are few men who compassed in a small frame so much courage and determination as "Nobby" Clarke. When we first made "Nobby's" acquaintance many years since, the little man sat in a phaeton, which Jem Mace had driven to our residence. "Do you see that little man," said Jem, "well in a bother he is worth a dozen ordinary men. Some say they will do a thing, but he does it without saying anything." "Nobby," in his cups, was a very funny, not to say a very dangerous, individual to deal with. Clarke would consider it a good joke to press the muzzle of his six shooter (a tool he always carried) against your lower waistcoat button. The primary cause of Clarke's death took place some ten or eleven years ago, when Harry Windett captained a number of boxers to Birmingham, among them being Joe Steers, then a member of the Myddleton Boxing Club, of which the late Harry Windett was captain. "Nobby" Clarke then had a beat up with the late Alec Roberts, and when both pros were struggling on the ground, "Nobby" was struck with a two-pronged stick by the late Jack Harper, the prong going into "Nobby's" head and occasioning his removal to the Birmingham Hospital. All the above have gone over to the majority. When we last saw Clarke he complained of this blow, an abscess we believed forming on the brain. "Nobby" informed us on one occasion that he was matched by an American gambler for enormous stakes to fight an unknown whom another American gambler had backed. When the unknown's name came to be mentioned it was found to be "Nobby" Clarke, who had just arrived in the States (his second visit). Thus "Nobby" without knowing it was matched against himself. The last drink that we had with Clarke was in the Metropole, Birmingham, on the night of the Cooler v. O'Brien fight.

"Nobby" died on Tuesday, January 9, at his home, 394, Bearwood Road, Smethwick, Birmingham. Edward Harden (better known as "Nobby" Clarke) passed away at the age of sixty. As a knuckle fighter "Nobby," forty years ago, was recognised as one of the best and gamest little men in the world, quite a string of victories having been recorded to him. After whipping several men in England he crossed the Atlantic, and for several years pursued his all-conquering career in the States, giving as much as three or four stone to good men, and a hiding into the bargain. Perhaps his most notable fight in the land of the Stars and Stripes was with Jemmy Elliott, whom he whipped after a punishing struggle. This same Elliott was shot by Jerry Dunn just about the time a meeting between "Tug" Wilson, of Leicester, and Elliott was being discussed. Amongst other men Clarke easily beat was big Gallagher, in his day a regular terror in America. After returning to England, "Nobby" turned up in America again, when he engineered the affairs of Jem Carney, who had crossed the Atlantic to tackle Jack M'Auliffe, and also bossed Alf Greenfield, whose mission was a meeting with the then famous John L. Sullivan.

The illness which eventually proved fatal laid hold of "Nobby" at the commencement of last year, and some months later he was taken to the General Hospital. An operation might have had beneficial results, and prolonged his life a little, but the acting surgeons did not consider this step a wise one, considering the patient's advanced age. Two months ago Clarke left the institution, and really came home to die. His case was hopeless. After a lingering illness, endured with great fortitude, he passed peacefully away.

Much respected in sporting circles, both in England and America, his death, although scarcely unexpected, will create a pang of regret. The funeral took place at the Old Chapel Cemetery, Smethwick, when there was a big gathering of sportsmen present to pay a last tribute to deceased's memory.

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ADVT.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during January:—

JAN. 24.—At the New Goodwin Club, Bert Cook v. Jem Jackson.

JAN. 24.—At St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road, Harry Westbrook's Competitions.

JAN. 25.—At the New Cross Public Hall, Open Competition of the Goldsmiths' Institute.

JAN. 29.—At the National Sporting Club, Mike Reilly v. Matt Precious, twenty rounds; six rounds contests, and other boxing.

JAN. 29.—J. Austin v. H. Clarkson, twenty rounds, at the Bradford Gymnastic Club.

JAN. 29.—Ben Harris's Boxing Tournament, at the Tee-To-Tum, Stamford Hill.

JAN. 30.—At the Fulham Town Hall, benefit to Albert Pearce.

JAN. 30.—North London Club and Institute A.A.C. Competitions, Rodney Street, N.

JAN. 31.—At the Drill Hall. Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush Green, Kensington B.C. Competitions.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

J. MAHONEY WINS THE COMPETITION.

TOM GANLEY AND H. RIX SCORE WINS.

ANOTHER GOOD PROGRAMME was provided for the members, and, with a view of unearthing some fresh talent, Mr. A. F. Bettinson found a place on the bill for a middle-weight competition, a weight in which we are sadly lacking of ability, but those who came forward to test their merits were fairly evenly matched, and although hard hitting was always indulged in, the winner we are afraid will never reach anything like first class. A fifteen rounds contest between a Birmingham representative, Tom Ganley, and "Ginger" Elliott, of London, the latter suffered defeat in the eighth round. Herbert Rix, of Norwich, who had slightly the worst of the exchanges, stuck gamely to his man, J. Guinn eventually giving in at the expiration of the third round. Mr. B. J. Angle referee, Mr. Dick Smith timekeeper, and Mr. A. F. Bettinson M.C. For the competitions, Messrs. Tom Scott and Eugene Corrie shared the judging. Arthur Gutteridge and Pat Condon attended to the principals. Details:—

MIDDLE-WEIGHT COMPETITION.
FIRST SERIES.

H. DAVIS beat J. CLEMENTS
(Stepney) (Upton Park).

Davis started out with two-handed work, and landed on his rival's ribs and dial. Clements retaliated, and kept the game going until time was called. Up for the next, Clements had all the worst of it, but gamely sticking to his task, managed to last the round, taking a severe gruelling. Davis went after his man, and although Clements tired, he faced the music very gamely, losing after a stubborn go.

G. HASKELL beat J. ROBINS
(Fulham) (Lambeth).

Haskell cleverly popped home the left on the nose several times, and repeated the dose, but getting in a neutral corner Robins used both hands on his opponent's dial. At the close Robins left the stage, and Haskell was awarded the verdict.

C. WISE beat J. TELFORD
(Haggerston) (Fulham).

Wise had an easy job with Telford, who could not box or put up any defence, the pair scrambling all over the ring. The second round was another scrambling one, in which Telford had all the worst of it. Wise cautioned for hitting low. The third Wise rushed, and Telford ducked, but the work done was anything but scientific. Wise fell in the struggle, but won somewhat easily.

J. MAHONEY beat JACK ENGLAND
(Hatcham) (Hackney).

Mahoney started out and with the right caught his rival on the jaw. This he supplemented with a swinging left, which put paid to England's account. The latter attempted to rise several times but failed, and the referee stopped the contest. The verdict was in favour of Mahoney, who, it might be said, won with a punch.

SECOND SERIES.

DAVIS beat HASKELL.

The pair feinted for an opening and Haskell shot out the left. This he continued to do, getting on his opponent's jaw and neck. Davis got him on the ropes and tried a couple of body punches; Haskell left off with a trifle in hand. Davis had all the worst of the exchanges in the second round, and length of reach enabled Haskell to occasionally pop in a straight left, Davis trying for the body, but out of distance. Coming to the scratch for the third time Davis forced the pace, and getting Haskell on the ropes sent the left on the dial and the right in the stomach, and down went Haskell to lose.

MAHONEY beat WISE.

Both waited, and both swung their rights, and down went Mahoney. After leading Wise fell, and Mahoney waited to bring off the right. Mahoney was first off, and the pair wrestled and fell. At length Wise held out his hand, and Mahoney had another easy win.

FINAL.

MAHONEY beat DAVIS.

Mahoney had managed to get through the competition without a scratch, but Davis had a couple of gruelling bouts, and being a trifle on the fat side did not appear to advantage against his fresher rival. A right-hand hit nearly put Mahoney down, a fierce rally in which Mahoney had the best of it, a slogging match all through. Mahoney left his seat the second time, and went straight for his man, but after a rough go Davis stopped; time saved him. The third round was of the same order, and Mahoney kept putting in some swings, and Davis made use of his legs, being tired out, Mahoney winning easily.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

HERBERT RIX beat J. GUINN
(Norwich) (Mile End).

J. Guinn wore a confident air, and was invariably first, putting more steam into his work than Rix. The latter was quicker at close quarters, but the round was in favour of Guinn. Rix had all the worst of the next round, but sticking to his man, forced him to the ropes. There was nothing to choose at the finish. Early in the third round the pair mixed it, and Rix nailed it roughly on the dial, but stuck to his task well, and Guinn cut the job on going to his seat. Rix gained the award.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

TOM GANLEY beat "GINGER" ELLIOTT
(Birmingham). (Notting Hill).

Joe Smith, Bill Day, and Harry Benson looked after the wants of Elliott, while Bill Baxter and Harry Overton did likewise for the Birmingham man. "Ginger" Elliott, taller, led off lightly with the left. He led again, but was blocked, Ganley trying for the ribs. Elliott quicker, and sent in several on the body. Both fought viciously in holds for the ribs. The second round was started by Elliott getting lightly on the dial with the left; Ganley retaliated on the ribs, but Elliott did the principal portion of the work, sending the left on the dial several times, and appeared to have more strength. The third round Elliott was the aggressor. This woke up the Brum, who scored on the dial nicely, and countered well and strongly towards the close. Up for the fourth round, Elliott forced the pace, but met a right on the ribs. With right and left he forced Ganley round the ring. Elliott sent the right on the jaw more than once, but the little Brum took no notice of it, and mixed it with his man. In the fifth go they went to a clinch. Elliott, at long range, kept popping in the left on the dial; the Brum being content to counter, brought his man down with the right, where he laid for a few seconds. In the rough work that followed he fell four times, but Ganley could not effect the coup. Elliott was receiver-general in the end, and was weak, but Ganley could not finish the job, and met an occasional facer as Elliot got stronger. Elliott seemed to recover his strength in the seventh round, and Ganley used his dukes on the ribs, and landed on the dial. Elliott again tired towards the close. The Brum carefully waited, and countered as Elliott cut out the work; from a right-hand punch Elliott went down, and was counted out, being more distressed than hurt.

THE NEW ADELPHI CLUB.—Something more than boxing goes on at the above club. Thursday is a day relegated to boxing, but Wednesday is the day on which Izzy Abrahams, the manager, should be a proud man. On that day during the winter months Izzy superintends the giving away of 500 quarts of savoury soup, supplemented by the same number of white loaves. Izzy is like the good Samaritan, he does not ask whether the recipients of his fare are Muggletonions, Quakers, Leapers, or Shakers, but if they have a ticket, and if they have not a ticket and look hungry even the brief is dispensed with. These tickets are given away to the schools in which are children of the poor neighbourhood of Drury Lane and Clare Market.

THE NEW GOODWIN'S WEEKLY ENTERTAINMENT.

WEDNESDAY IS the day set aside so that lovers of boxing can witness the sport they prefer without it clashing with the arrangements of other establishments. When the club was first started many prophesied a speedy termination to its existence, but each succeeding entertainment has only added to the popularity of the club, and it has well deserved the name its merits have obtained, the "East-end National." Special seating has been the main object, and from every portion of the building the boxing can be seen to advantage. The boxing manager is Mr. M. Levy, a gentleman who in the old days has shown that amateurs could hold their own with the best, and his proficiency with the right hand "when, as was often the case, some rough who fancied he could fight caused a quarrel with an inoffensive person," gained for him the title of "Outer." Well versed in all the points of the game, no better manager could be found than this gentleman, a past master in the art. With a fine working executive to see to the arrangements the comfort of the members is satisfactorily seen to, and the best results, "that of increasing membership," is thereby obtained. Those who are members are well gratified in the wish for good boxing, the competitors being the best that can be found. A special programme was put forward on Wednesday last, the chief event being a fifteen rounds international contest between Jack Lewis (America) and Ted Daley (England). The first item was an eight rounds contest between Jack Wood (Borough), and Jem Cooke (Kentish Town). After a minute's fighting Cooke was sent down, and as he did not rise in the appointed time the award went to Wood. "Punch" Wilson (Marylebone) took the place of Dick Dean for eight rounds with Harry Benson (Hackney).—This was a fight the like of which is seldom seen, both being as game as pebbles, taking their gruelling like Trojans, and though beat neither would give in; but in the fourth round Wilson's hands gave way, and he was reluctantly compelled to retire. Tom and Ernie Pickard greatly pleased the company with a three rounds display, and then wrestled one fall in the catch-as-catch-can style. They had to reappear at the close in response to the cheers of the assembly. Bob Ford (of the Navy) and Harry Camis (Walworth) were the next pair for an eight rounds contest. The chief bout, a fifteen rounds contest between Ted Daley (England) and Jack Lewis (America), next came on for decision. The American did a lot of holding, and was frequently cautioned, and went down twice in the fourth round. Cries of 3 to 1 on Daley. When the sixth round was ended the ruby was flowing from the American's mouth. The betting fluctuated a bit, first cries of three's and then two's failing to elicit an answer. During the eighth round Mr. Smith bet 7 to 4 on Daley. The tenth round saw the black forcing, and Daley's ring craft came handy. To the end of the journey it was give and take, and the award went to Daley. It was a grand ending to a splendid evening's entertainment. Eight rounds contest, Jem Cooke and Jack Wood being the contestants. Mr. Ted Purkiss as referee and Mr. Da Costa as timekeeper were in the official chairs. Cooke started at a good pace, and his opponent joined in. It was a good fight for about half the distance, when the right went home, and Wood won easily. Eight rounds contest between Harry Benson and "Punch" Wilson.—Round 1 was ushered in by some hard fighting, and Benson had the best of the points when they retired. Round 2. An extra fierce round, Wilson being all but out, and he was on the boards when "Time!" was called. Round 3. Both showed signals of distress, but a better fight could not be seen, Benson being in trouble at the close. Round 4. Wilson was the stronger, but half-way through the round his hand went, and after an extra grand battle he retired. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Camis beat Bob Ford.—Camis soon sent the navy man to the boards, and on resuming both sent the right across, and on arising Ford was dead beat, and the bout was stopped and the award went to Camis. The chief item next came on for decision, a fifteen rounds contest between Ted Daley and Jack Lewis. Round 1. The black during the round resorted to holding, Daley scoring first blood. Round 2. Lewis was cautioned for holding, and when they retired Daley had the advantage. Round 3. The black had none the worst of the round, and when in danger got in holds. Two to one betted on Daley as they stood up after a minute's fighting. Daley swung Lewis down, and with a swinging hit Daley sent him down again. Round 4. A repetition of the preceding round, Daley being told not to hold. Round 5. This was well fought out, there being nothing to choose between them. Round 6. Both over-reached themselves and went down, the carmine flowing from Lewis's mouth. Round 7. "Take 2's" was the cry, but Daley scored well and the odds rose. Round 8. 7 to 4 laid on Daley by Mr. Smith, who offered to repeat the bet. Round 9. Daley told by his seconds to take it easy, but after a minute's trifling Daly went at it for the rest of the bout. Round 10. The black forced the fighting, having none the worst of the round. Round 11. Daley scored with the left, the Yankee relying mostly on the right. Round 12. Daley's turn, and when in danger he made the most of the ring, cries of "3 to 1" found no takers. Round 13. Daley took it easy but kept scoring. Rounds 14 and 15. It was give and receive to the end, and the decision in favour of Daley was well received. The seconds were Patsey Griffiths, Bill Baxter, Bill Holmes, and Tom Ireland.

NAT SMITH AND WILL CURLEY INTRODUCED.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—On Saturday night there was what we call a record gate at Mr. James Lowes's, Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, when a bill of fare was provided by the promoter which was not only excellent in quality but extensive in quantity. There were no less than a quintette of exhibition spars, the first being between those clever youngsters J. Johnson and T. Horn, who were freely applauded for their show, as were that oddly-matched pair for altitude, Pete Hewitt and Tim Kelley. They were, however, so far as science was concerned, cleverly matched, and their exhibition was appreciated in the heartiest style. R. Nixon and J. Tait gave a smart exhibition for three rounds, as did J. Nelson and J. Dunn, and Jack Palmer and R. O'Niell. During the evening at separate times furores were caused by the introduction of Nat Smith and Will Curley, and the pair were given one of those genuine north-country greetings which are known to all who have had the pleasure of receiving one of them. Then Bob Todd (Morpeth) and W. Jackson (Newcastle) met to contest the best of eight rounds for £10 and Mr. Lowes's purse. The pair, it may be remembered, three weeks ago had a fistic duel, which ended in the success of Jackson, and on this occasion he again proved his superiority, although Todd stuck gamely in to the end. Jackson was seconded by Pete Hewitt and "Spider" Carr, and Todd by Charley Watts and R. O'Niell. Sam Francis was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. For next Saturday night "Spider" Carr and G. Morris will box the best of eight rounds, and an additional attraction will be provided in a four rounds exhibition by Miss Ross, the champion lady boxer.

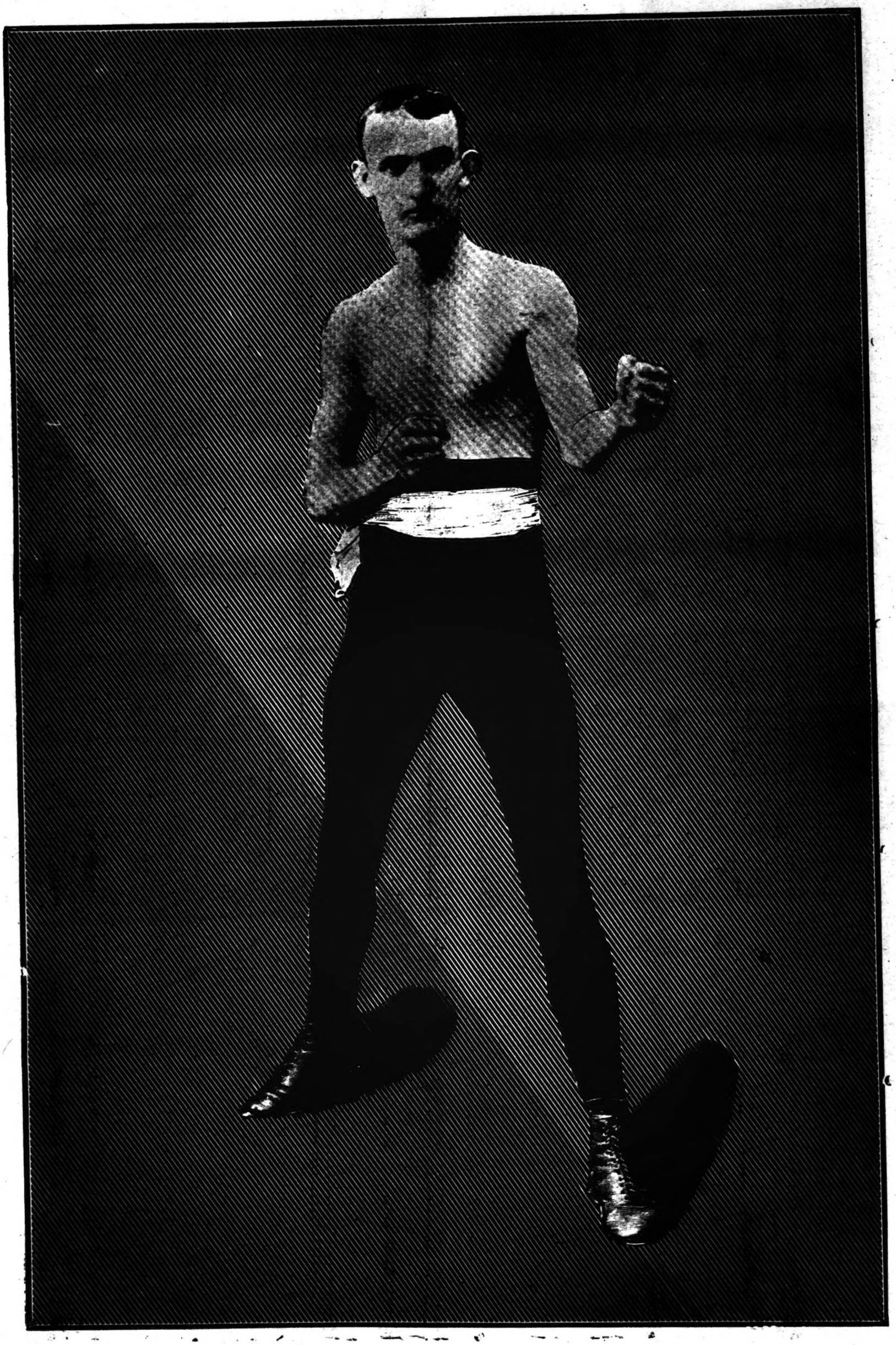
"PEDLAR" PALMER AND HARRY WRIGHT'S CHAMPIONSHIP BELT FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHTS OF ENGLAND.

THIS BELT, which is of gold and silver, valued £100, is the best and largest ever offered by any patron or promoters for competition. A further sum of £50 will be divided among the competitors, £35 going with the trophy, runner-up £15, and £20 will be divided between the losers and reserve men. The entrance fee, £1, will be returned to all those men who put in an appearance on the opening night at Wonderland, Whitechapel, on February 26. The belt is on view at the Angel and Crown, Kerbella Street, Bethnal Green, where entries should be sent to Harry Wright, the proprietor, or intending competitors can send their names to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, where the belt will shortly be on view.

FRANK KELLY v. BERT SMITH FOR £40.—Last Monday night at the Bradford City Gymnastic Club, Frank Kelly, of Bradford (late of Grimsby), and Bert Smith, of London (alias "The Irish Count"), met in a twenty rounds contest for £10 a-side and a £20 purse. Smith came with a National Club reputation, and Kelly, who leaves for the front to-day, had done well in Northern contests. The contest was of very brief duration, and was chiefly remarkable for hard hitting, which both men indulged in, and the fact that it was interrupted for fully five minutes through failure of the electric light. The Londoner by no means covered himself with glory in the first round. He was at a disadvantage both with regard to height and reach, and carried too much flesh. He opened the ball with a light left lead, but was immediately brought to the boards with a hard right on the body. He had no sooner regained his feet than Kelly brought him down again with a left on the neck; and although he managed to struggle through the round, he received all the punishment, and twice more measured his length on the floor. The failure of the light, caused through the fusing of the wires, came as a perfect windfall for Smith, and when the men faced each other again he looked none the worse for his punishment. The second round witnessed a lot of wild hitting, without much damage, but in the third round, after the Londoner had received a hard right on the ribs, he brought Kelly down with a right on the jaw, and the latter was counted out.

JEMMY BRIGGS will be pleased to box Harry Connell eight or ten rounds if any promoter will give a purse. An answer through this paper will oblige.

(*Continued on page* 10.)



WILL CURLEY.

Of Newcastle-on-Tyne, One of the Best at his Weight in England, who Met Nat Smith in a Twenty Rounds Contest at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday Evening, January 22.

"BILLY THE KID."

This Desperado of New Mexico will Fight in South Africa.

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

One of the Wealthiest Princes of India, who Paid £2,000,000 for a Diamond, and will Fight the Boers.

A DESPATCH RIDER'S FATE.

Shot Dead, and his Body Riddled with Bullets.

(*Continued from Page 7.*)

THE McGOVERN v. DIXON CONTEST.

THE BLACK PRINCE OF BOXERS DEFEATED BY McGOVERN IN EIGHT ROUNDS.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN'S PROSPECTS WITH BEN JORDAN.

POOR GEORGE DIXON! If ever a boxer deserved a better fate it was this same black prince of boxers. Your last visit to an arena in which you had played your part so honourably and so well should surely been as a winner, or at least a loser on points, for everyone knows how much a nigger must be in advance in the States to secure a win, but Dixon's last appearance was fated to be otherwise. The brave little black man, the hero of three or four hundred battles, in which for more than ten years he stood against the world, giving away height and weight, was battered to pieces in eight rounds, and the frontispiece which Dixon was so proud to have retained uninjured battered into an unrecognisable shape. A broken nose in the days of pugilism used to be the trademark of the fighter, in modern boxing the trademark is curly ears. Dixon will now retire with both these blushing honors thick upon him. Can anyone imagine how ten years constant fighting all comers must impair the constitution? Living ten years of this life is like living twenty of civil life; and O'Rourke, who has made his pile out of the black phenomenon, and owned him as much as 50 years ago it was possible to own a slave, might have found something more easy for his protégé than the compact mass of muscular vigour, Terry McGovern. It is useless to talk about present boxers unless you are also acquainted with the past; you must have seen and witnessed the efforts of the men that are past before you can judge of the present; and we unhesitatingly say there were many Irish cockneys who were Terry McGoverns at Ould Nat's, but none of them champions. In a kingdom of the blind a one-eyed man is king. Boxing and fighting became penal for more than twenty years, and when it was revived in recent years it was really a lost art. Terry McGovern is a bit of the old form, common enough in the days when every week saw two or three visits down the river to fight for a purse, but very uncommon in these days of modern boxing. Without disparaging Terry McGovern's victory over Dixon, Terry should thank his lucky stars that he was born in the days of modern boxing, and fought George Dixon when the latter was years past his prime.

Side is often a speciality in this age, but we never saw a lad more devoid of that commodity than little George Dixon. When the black boy came to this country to contest with Nunc Wallace, one of the best 8st lads in the annals of modern boxing, he appeared more like a black lamb being led to the slaughter by his owner than the truly great boxer he proved. Of Wallace we must say had he kept to his original diet of steaks and chops a different tale might have been told, but he fell into the hands of a millionaire, and plover eggs, jellies, &c., were substituted for the belly timber which suited Wallace best. Be this as it may, it was the first time English sporting people made the acquaintance of the quiet little nigger boy, and the troops of friends George Dixon then made will be sorry to hear of his overwhelming and sanguinary defeat.

That there was life in the old dog yet was shown by the state of the betting, for at the end of the fourth round the betting was almost level. What we cannot understand is that a lad long since past his prime, as far as boxing is concerned, and such an astute general as Dixon, should have mixed it up with such an aggressive and get-in-at-any-cost fighter as Terry McGovern. Ten years of hard fighting had taken most of the buckram out of the black boxer, and had Dixon known himself he should have fought possum. Hickman, the "Terrible Gas," was an enlarged edition of Terry McGovern, and he succeeded in murdering (we use this term in a Pickwickian sense) the scientific George Cooper and the renowned Tom Oliver; but when opposed to the straight left of Bill Neat, the rushes of the "Terrible Gas" were more than neutralised. "Pedlar" Palmer, who could never knock an opponent out, is a weakling compared to Terry McGovern. You have only to look at "Pedlar's" wrists to note that however tricky and clever he may be, he stood little chance with such a compact mass of muscle and nerves as Terry McGovern, and no one knew this better than "Pedlar" Palmer when taking his time on the boards after the first effective punch. George Dixon had the fate of "Pedlar" Palmer before him, but he was not warned. This we will say, however, for George Dixon which we cannot say for Palmer, the black boy at 30 years of age did fight eight fiercely contested rounds with a strong determined boxer ten years his junior, and this meeting, which puts the white boy's performance to shame, we consider, although many persons may think otherwise, that properly looked at this is a glorious ending to the long boxing career of George Dixon, who, punched nearly to death, would have expired in the ring rather than admit his defeat.

The man that we think would make Terry McGovern hum, had circumstances not altered cases and the pair been brought together, is Ben Jordan. Ben is by no means a scientific fighter, but he is like Terry McGovern, wonderfully strong for his weight, and this strength carries Ben through jobs where more scientific boxers have failed. Terry McGovern, in the event of a meeting, would also be presenting Ben with some amount of weight, and that boxers of Terry's poundage can very rarely do. In the annals of the prize ring we meet with Jemmy Massey (the "Stunted Lifeguardsman"). Jemmy was about as tall as McGovern and just about his weight, but his hitting was simply tremendous. Jemmy never cared who he attacked, and at one time he had the temerity to have a round with big burly Ben Caunt; but Jemmy Massey met his Waterloo, as Terry will no doubt do in time. Jemmy Massey met Edwards, of Cheltenham, a boxer a little over 8st, who could use both legs and both hands with equal dexterity, and Jemmy Massey, though he fought like a bull, had to acknowledge defeat.

SPECIAL REPORT OF THE DIXON-McGOVERN FIGHT.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1900.—Hopelessly beaten by Terry McGovern, though not knocked out, George Dixon, of Boston, had been feather-weight champion pugilist for ten years, until he surrendered his title to Ben Jordan, of England, who won the championship on points only, in a contest lasting twenty-five rounds. Last evening, in the eighth round of the contest at the Broadway Athletic Club, Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's mentor and chief second, performed an act of mercy when he threw up the sponge after the little coloured man had been knocked down many times, and there was no hope for him. It would have been a cause for sorrow if Dixon had been permitted to continue the battle until one of McGovern's fearful blows knocked him unconscious to the floor. His career warranted a merciful ending, for no pugilist in the world to-day can show a cleaner or more sportsmanlike record than this same George Dixon. Though he had indulged in more than eight hundred contests, and had in that time suffered but one knock-down, Dixon probably never met a man the equal of the new champion. It was truly a test of youth and strength against age and experience. McGovern showed conclusively that he is the fighting marvel of the present time. Impervious to all blows, regardless of the best scientific methods employed by Dixon, this new fighting machine simply triumphed because of his magnificent physique, his bulldog tenacity, and his unique punching ability. The fight turned out to be just what had been predicted. It was the fastest and most sensational encounter at the weight that has ever been seen in this country. Having studied out McGovern, and feeling that he had solved his methods, Dixon proceeded from the very start to mix it up. Had he stayed away and used defensive tactics he might have lasted much longer. But there is no doubt that he would have been ultimately worn down. McGovern followed out a plan of action that showed careful study. He went after Dixon's body just as he did in his fight with Palmer. With swiftly moving hands he ripped in blows every time he got a chance, and in the clinches he used free hands upon the heart and kidneys. McGovern shifted his methods in the last two or three rounds by swinging heavily for the jaw and head. One punch broke Dixon's nose in the seventh round. Dixon came up for the eighth and last round with weakness in his legs. A hook on the jaw, followed by a swift body-punch, finally knocked him down. This was the direct cause of McGovern's victory, for it took all of Dixon's remaining strength away and made him virtually helpless. The defeat of Dixon in such a summarily fashion means that McGovern, if he takes care of himself, will hold the championship for some time to come. There are to-day a number of rising feather-weights who will probably challenge him. Eddie Santry, of Chicago, the man who knocked out Ben Jordan, and won the feather-weight last year, appears to be the one best entitled to a match. But if McGovern wants a rest no fault can be found with him. The receipts amounted to 24 000dols, it is said, of which one-half went to the fighters. Of that amount McGovern will receive 9,000dols, to say nothing of bets which he and his manager have been making for a week past. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bets changed hands on the result. The announcement that John White would referee the fight instead of Charley White did not please everybody. The former official has not had much success with close decisions, but nobody questioned his honesty, and everybody hoped that he would not be compelled to give a ruling at the end of twenty-five rounds. The people wanted a decisive fight with a knock-out, not a long drawn out encounter that might end in doubt. Along toward nine o'clock the crowd was growing so rapidly in size that "gangway" was a job hard to maintain. The bettors stood around in the aisles in spite of the police, and did their best to get down wagers of all sorts. The most popular bet was on the number of rounds that the fight would go. Offers of even money that Dixon would not last twelve rounds were made with freedom, and they were quickly snapped up. Two to one was offered that Dixon would last eight rounds, and that proposition was also acceptable to many of McGovern's supporters. Odds of 10 to 7 on McGovern prevailed at nine o'clock, which indicated then that he would enter the ring favourite at a good price. Those who recalled the fact that all big championship fights, with one or two exceptions, have resulted in the downfall of favourites, took the short end of this battle simply because they thought it was a good gamble. On form it was generally conceded that Dixon should be the favourite instead of McGovern. It was a remarkable fact that a world's champion feather-weight with a record of remarkable strength and quality should be made subservient to a bantam-champion in the betting. A great many speculators could not reason it out. They could not understand why McGovern was so strongly fancied, but the explanation that the public has been simply carried away by McGovern because of his knock-out of "Pedlar" Palmer was the most reasonable to believe. The rival fighters were up quite early yesterday morning and received their final preparations. Dixon left Lakewood on the 9 o'clock train and arrived in this city a few minutes before noon. He was met at the depôt by his manager, Tom O'Rourke, and a few friends. The champion looked as fine as silk as he entered a cab and went to the Delavan House for dinner. He ate heartily of toast, chops, bread, and drank a cup of tea. Then he took a stroll as far as Central Park. Upon his return he went to the Broadway A.C., and weighed in a few minutes before three o'clock. When this part of his programme was over he went back to his hotel, and at once went to sleep. He did not awake until after six o'clock, when supper was served. His appetite apparently had not deserted him, for he consumed a large sirloin steak, chops, toast, and drank a bottle of Bass's ale. O'Rourke was careful in keeping his protégé in seclusion. He knew that many of the sports were anxious to get a line on his condition. Dixon is always willing to be questioned, and O'Rourke knew that if he allowed him to have his own way he would probably not take any rest. Dixon reached the clubhouse about seven o'clock, and at once went to his dressing-room. McGovern left his quarters, 169th Street and Jerome Avenue, shortly after one o'clock. He wended his way at once to the clubhouse. Dixon was there a few minutes ahead of him, and both pugilists greeted each other for the first time since the mill was made. Both stripped, and they appeared as if they had trained faithfully. Dixon first went on the scales, and Terry watched him with a critical eye. The beam wavered for a few minutes, and then stopped at exactly 116½lb. McGovern, as well as his manager, Harris, who stood close by, were surprised. The coloured lad looked very big alongside of McGovern, who seemed to be compactly drawn. "Well, I see you are way under weight," said Terry, after Dixon stepped off the scales. "You really look as if you weighed 120lb." "That is where I fooled you," responded George, suavely, "I am not so very heavy as I appear. Let's see how much flesh you have taken off," added Dixon with a suggestive look at his opponent and a knowing wink at O'Rourke. McGovern, with his usual alacrity and confidence, then weighed himself, and, strange to relate, the beam balanced at exactly 116½lb, too. When this formality was finished the pugilists wished each other the best of luck and shook hands. McGovern's destination was Brooklyn. He was anxious to show his friends across the bridge how well he looked, and with boyish pride he was soon with those who have followed his meteoric career as a prophet. He was the hero of the hour for a while. When he went to New York again he went direct to the residence of his manager on East Eighth Street, and remained there until half an hour before it was time to go in the ring. Betting on the star bout increased in volume, but in spite of the appearance of a pile of Dixon money the odds remained at 100 to 70. Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, made three bets of 1,000dols to 650dols, and was ready to make more. Charley Anderson, the bookmaker, made one of the biggest wagers, 3,000dols against 5,000dols that Dixon would win. It was announced that the men would be handled as follows: Dixon, by Tom O'Rourke, Charley Miner, and Bob Armstrong, with Mike Bradley as timekeeper; McGovern, by Sam Harris, Terry Lee, and Charley Mayhood, with Mike Padden holding the watch. It was 9.35 o'clock when Dixon appeared. He was loudly cheered as he crawled through the ropes and sat down. He threw off his coat, but kept on his hat, sweater, and long trousers until it should be time to strip. McGovern came a few moments later with a green silk flag wound around his neck. As he got into the ring a great cheer greeted him. He promptly walked over and shook hands cordially with his opponent. McGovern's hands were both bandaged, but Dixon wore nothing on his. While the boys were getting ready, Joe Choynski, with a head of football hair, was introduced. He is to fight "Kid" McCoy at this club on Friday night. Two paper packages containing the regulation five-ounce gloves were brought into the ring by Humphreys. They were selected by the seconds, and the men promptly drew them on. McGovern looked to be as fit as he ever was in his life. He was more muscular than Dixon, having more powerful arms and legs. Both men took matters coolly, although they were doubtless more than anxious to have the question of supremacy decided. Dixon wore a white breech clout and black fighting shoes. McGovern had similar togs, with a green belt around his waist.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

It was announced that the contest would be governed by strict Marquis of Queensberry rules, no holding allowed. There was no long pow-wow in the ring, everything having been settled beforehand. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 118lb, for half the gate receipts. Round 1. They shook hands at 9.45 o'clock. Dixon was the first to lead. He threw a heavy left over McGovern's shoulder. Terry got into a mix-up, and began pounding the body with a free hand. Dixon jumped in again with a solid left on the body. They clinched, both men hitting with free hands. Dixon was finally driven to the ropes, where they broke away. Dixon led with a long left in the region of the stomach, and McGovern, getting into a half-clinch, pounded the kidneys with his right. Dixon came again with a left into the stomach, and once more McGovern used a free hand until they were locked. On the break-away Dixon put his left to the body, and in the clinch that followed both men stood perfectly still. Dixon drove his left for the head on the next attack, and McGovern hammered the body with his right as before. Both men were very fast, and the fighting was vicious. Dixon finally landed a heavy left on the jaw, and received a cross-counter on the neck. George sent a straight left to the mouth, whereupon they got into a slugging match that lasted to the gong. It was fierce fighting. Round 2. Dixon opened the ball with a left swing that was high. The next moment they were at it hammer and tongs in a half-clinch. McGovern pounded the ribs with his right until Dixon grabbed him around the neck and hung on. Dixon was the aggressor, but he found that Terry liked this style of fighting, no matter how fast it was. Dixon continued his fierce assault, finally catching McGovern heavy on the jaw with a left swing. Terry drove in both hands to the stomach, but still the champion was at him. Right and left swings were exchanged, McGovern finally being driven to a corner, his head going through the ropes. A terrific rally ensued, Dixon holding his own. The champion was so fast that McGovern had his hands full. It was give and take, Dixon finding no trouble in reaching his antagonist. Another clinch showed that Dixon was strong, and once again he reached the neck with his left. The pace was so fast that nobody believed the bout would go to the limit. The faces of both men were red and slightly puffed at the gong. Round 3. Dixon was the first to lead with a left to the body, and as they got out of a clinch he swung a heavy right to the side of the head. McGovern confined all of his punching to the body, but he did not have a chance to put in swings, all of his blows being jolts. McGovern did not break any ground, however, when he received a smash, but was coming all the time. Dixon continued to mix it with him and put in blow after blow upon the head. Then they got into a hard clinch, and were allowed to remain there without interference. Dixon was punching fully as hard as his opponent, and

nearly every drive he sent in went to the head. McGovern soon let up with his body blows, as Dixon staggered him with a right-hand swing on the jaw. Terry's legs saved him from going down, but he was checked in his attack. Dixon was after him like a flash, and Terry, for the first time in the fight, was guessing; Dixon continued to do the leading to the end of the round, which was in his favour. Round 4. McGovern started with a right-hand body punch, Dixon meeting him with a facer. Dixon then ran into a mix-up, landing right and left on the face. He tried again and missed a swing, McGovern catching him on the neck with an uppercut. Dixon clinched and laughed, showing that he was not hurt. Into another clinch they fought, McGovern still hammering the stomach with rapid blows, having both hands free. Dixon did a little holding in another clinch, but on the break he swung a heavy left under the ear. Then he held on while McGovern pounded the stomach. They were at it right and left at close range, but McGovern stood the "gaff," and finally staggered the champion with a left on the jaw. Dixon hurried into a clinch, but on the breakaway he put in a terrific swing on the side of the head. McGovern took the punch without weakening, and in a clinch that followed he laid his weight on Dixon. George put in two more smashes on the face before the bell rang, and thereby demonstrated that he was still in the game. Round 5. McGovern ducked under Dixon's left lead and ripped the right to the heart. Dixon stood off a moment, only to jump into another fierce mix-up. Both missed swings, and then they let up in the pace, as if they were slightly winded. McGovern kept at close quarters, however, and whenever a chance offered he drove in both hands to the body. They got to a closer range a moment later and Terry slipped down. He was up with a jump, and Dixon mixed it to a clinch. In another fierce rally McGovern shook the champion with a right on the jaw, Dixon clinching. Neither man was bleeding, but Dixon's mouth was puffed. A series of clinches ensued, McGovern showing rugged strength and readiness to mix it to his best ability. But at that Dixon fought him blow for blow and had him jarred slightly as time was up. Round 6. The betting was now 10 to 9 in favour of Dixon, and his work warranted it. He was showing more science than McGovern and as far as strength and hitting went there was no difference. Dixon started the round with left hooks on the head, McGovern letting up in his gait until he caught Dixon napping with a swing on the jaw. Then Terry rushed like a bull, throwing in right and left swings with great power. But Dixon clinched and also pounded him heavily on the mouth. Dixon's left found the jaw again, but McGovern went in like a tiger, roughing it and slugging the champion with wonderful strength. Dixon did not wince, but rather liked the game. George's blows, however, were not so powerful, the body punching having some effect on him. McGovern never lost an ounce of strength, and his attack now became something fierce. Dixon was sorely put to the test, but as he lasted the round out in fine style and held his own at that, speculation was rife as to the result. Round 7. McGovern opened up with more body blows, Dixon stood away for a change and worked a long left on the face, but McGovern was after him so fast that the usual mix-ups followed. Dixon rushed with old-time vigour and both landed crushing blows upon the body. They were almost continually clinched, the referee making no attempt to separate them. McGovern went at his man with increased vigour after that, Dixon mixing it and making no attempt to get away. He apparently believed that he could stop his man instead of trying to stay. A left hook on the jaw shook Terry's head, but he was there just the same, driving in the stomach punches and using a free hand. Dixon did some holding in the clinches, but the referee didn't go between the men, merely telling them to break. Clinch after clinch followed, Dixon holding with his left while McGovern drove in both hands to the stomach. Then McGovern roughed it and drove Dixon to a corner, where the champion hung on with both hands. Dixon's speed seemed to be leaving him and he went to his corner just a trifle tired. McGovern was apparently as good as ever. It was said that Dixon's nose was broken. Round 8. The betting had flopped back again in McGovern's favour. Terry rushed into the mill without delay. Dixon's face was swollen and his mouth was bleeding. McGovern rushed him to the ropes, where George slipped down. Terry helped him up and went at him again with tremendous power. Dixon nailed him on the jaw, but it had no effect. McGovern was faster and stronger than before. In a hard clinch he wrestled Dixon to the floor, and the champion looked up at his opponent in astonishment. McGovern was a cyclone, the moment George got upon his feet. He rained in the blows, and finally with a left hook on the jaw, followed by a body punch, he knocked Dixon to the floor. The champion took a count, and when he got up he was weak. McGovern hit him in the stomach, and he fell again without a blow. Twice more Dixon was knocked down, but he was game, and got up with a faint smile upon his face. He still had some power, and swung a desperate left to the jaw. But Terry was after him with frightful blows, and knocked him down again. Finally Tom O'Rourke, seeing that it was all over, threw up the sponge, for he did not want to see the champion punished any further. Just then the bell rang, and Dixon tried to skip to his corner as he used to do in the old days, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. The great crowd jumped up and began to yell like Indians. Seat cushions were thrown into the air and into the ring. McGovern's seconds hugged him and one of them kissed him. Dixon, realising that he was beaten, took his misfortune like a man. He walked over smilingly to the new champion and shook his hand. Just then Joe Walcott, the well-known welter-weight, who has been Dixon's chum for years, jumped into the ring. Several policeman grabbed him and he showed fight. He was not looking for trouble, however, but merely wanted to congratulate McGovern. After he had done so he burst into tears and walked over to Dixon's corner, the picture of misery. Then both pugilists were hurried to their dressing-rooms, and the crowd slowly filed out, satisfied that one of the greatest feather-weight fights on record had been seen.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

As soon as the fight was over the crowd made one charge for the dressing-rooms of the pugilists in the rear of the clubhouse. Police Captain Chapman, anticipating trouble, detailed about a dozen policemen to preserve order. McGovern naturally was the magnet, and his friends, who were permitted to see him, almost killed him with kindness. When I called on McGovern he was receiving a rub down. There was not a scratch visible on his body or face. "Charley White told me just how to fight and lick him," said Terry with emphasis, "and both he and my manager, Sam Harris, deserve a lot of credit. Of course, I had to do the fighting, but an engine without a good guide is not very powerful after all. Before the contest White tipped me off and I fought according to his instructions. I suppose you noticed to-night that I played for the body. I was informed just where his weak spot was, and I directed my attention to that spot. I was more careful, than ever regarding my punches. To take any unnecessary chances I realised would probably end in my defeat. He is a clever fellow, and he puzzled me at several stages of the game. In the second or third round, I can't recall which, after I had received that swing on the jaw, I was told to swing myself. But Dixon has a nice way of wriggling out of a blow, especia ly a swing, and he got away from my left. Then I sailed into the wind again, and I could feel him weaken under the onslaught. Every time we would come together and clinch his hold on me grew less firm and tight, and then it dawned on me that his steam was gone. I was getting stronger and fresher at every turn. As soon as I perceived that he could not hurt me I went in, regardless of science, and you know, I guess, how I came out. Of course, I expected that Dixon would rush me. He has done this in all his fights, and I did not think I would be an exception. But it was just the sort of play I was after. Mixing-up is my long suit, and it gave me a chance to utilise my strength. I was really sorry for Dixon. He was so fair and manly and did not take advantage that I could not help feeling sorry for him."

WHAT DIXON SAYS:

When seen in his room afterward Dixon said: "I am getting old, and it is a case of kid against an old man. He is a good 'un at that, and as long as he is an American I am glad that he is going to take my place." Then he turned to O'Rourke and said: "Well, Tom, they have at last licked me. I suppose you won't think as much of me as you did, will you, Tom?" O'Rourke answered, "Don't you worry, George; I'll take care of you for the rest of your natural life. You don't need to fight again." Then Dixon told how he lost. "I was not in the least bit groggy," he said; "the body punching I received did its work. I was exhausted and could not lift my hands above my shoulder. My hitting powers also deserted me. When I saw, after reaching my opponent's jaw, that I could not disturb him, I knew it was only a question of how long it would last." Referee Johnny White thought the contest was the best in which he had ever officiated. "Both kept within the rules," he said, "and no fouling was done. I did not have occasion to caution either man—something which is rare in battles of this kind. Dixon was worn down with body blows. McGovern is certainly a wonderful pugilist."

MEASUREMENTS OF THE MEN.

In height and weight the rivals are almost evenly matched, but there is a marked difference in age and other important respects, as can be gathered from a comparison of the following figures:—

McGOVERN.		DIXON.
20 years	Age	29 years
5ft 4in	Height	5ft 3½in
33½in	Chest normal	33in
36½in	Chest expanded	37½in
27in	Waist	29in
67lb	Arms extended	66in
9½in	Forearm	11½in
10 9 10in	Biceps	12½in
8¼in	Hand clenched	8¼in
19½in	Thigh	19½in
12¾in	Calf	12¾in
116½lb	Weight	116½lb
15½in	Neck	14½in
6½in	Wrist	7in

WILL CURLEY DEFEATS NAT SMITH.

ON MONDAY EVENING last at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, there was not much time cut to waste in the preliminaries. The gloves were quickly adjusted, and then the men sat ready for the timekeeper to give them the signal to commence hostilities. They first went through the orthodox ceremony of shaking hands. Then they went back to their corners, and were almost immediately afterwards called out. Round 1. Smith sent his left bang on his rival's nose, but the blow was not a heavy one. The boxers then came to a clinch. As they broke away Curley reached Smith's face with the left, then raising the same hand he landed on the Londoner's nose. On getting together again Curley sent in a flush left-hander on the face, following this up with three sharp visitations to the nose, mouth, and chin. Then came a regular nose-ender from the North country boxer. The latter's execution was terrific, and he showed great cleverness with both head and feet. Smith appeared slow with his delivery, and he was unable to get over Curley's guard. Round 2 was very much like its predecessor; it started with counter hits in the face. Then Curley ducked under three of Smith's left and right-handers. When he next sent in his left hand it landed hard on the Londoner's nose, turning on the tap. The latter replied with some light face taps. Round 3. Curley altered his tactics in this round. He started off at the face and ribs, and then got home three times in succession on the nose. One of his left-handed upper-cuts sent Smith's head back with a jar. Round 4. When Smith came out of his corner he showed a big lump under his left eye. Curley planted another left-hander over the damaged optic and cut it. Smith landed two or three useful hits on his antagonist's ribs, and a half-arm upper-cut must have disturbed Curley considerably. He got even, however, with a sharp right-handed cross counter on the jaw. This sent Smith's head down. Round 5. This meeting was marked by Curley planting his right hand on the back of Smith's head. He was in the act of ducking, and fell on his face to the floor. Smith tried rushing tactics. He forced Curley back on to the ropes. Curley still kept to his straight lefts in the face, while Smith invariably visited his man's body when they were in an embrace or close together. There was not much to pick in the matter of points in this round, but the punishment was all one way, Smith taking his full share of punishment. There was very little to choose between the combatants in other rounds up to the eighth. Then Smith rallied well and did a lot of light work, but it could not set-off the punishment that Curley was administering. Round 9. Curley got more than his own back in this bout. He planted a hard right-hander on the back of Smith's head. This sent the Londoner to the floor again. He was now unmistakably in trouble. Curley could not take advantage of his opportunity, despite Smith's feebleness. From this point until the thirteenth round there was nothing of especial interest, then the referee had to go into the ring and part the combatants, who were continually clinching and laying on each other; both were cautioned. Smith had been busy at the body while they were close together. At the end of the fourteenth round, Curley almost closed Smith's eye up, but in the next round Smith rallied, and had a shade the best of the scoring. He landed a left hook on Curley's jaw, and then reached the body with the same hand. Curley equalised matters by two swinging hits on both sides of the head. They were hard blows, but they were planted too high to do any great amount of damage. In the sixteenth round Curley scored fast and hard. He scored four times on the face with his left, Nat replying by feeble body hits. The latter tried a hook hit, but it was light. Curley's reply on his face with his right was very hard. However, in the next two rounds Curley showed great cleverness with both head and feet. Curley brought Smith to his knees at the end of the seventeenth round. It was a hard blow, and the call of "Time!" was very acceptable to the Londoner. Round 19. This was a hard round, and a bad one for Smith. He was sent down with a left-hander. Smith fell on his hands and knees. No sooner had he got on his feet than he was sent down again by a terrific left-handed punch on the jaw. This was about a settler. No one looked for such a punch from Curley, who had mysteriously gone weak in the eighteenth round. It was claimed that he had been hurt in that bout. Round 20. This was unimportant and few blows exchanged; they were mainly delivered at short range, and the points were about equal. When Curley was announced as the winner there was a unanimous shout of approbation. It was learned afterwards that Curley had injured his right hand during the tenth round.

"KID" McCOY KNOCKS OUT JOE CHOYNSKI.

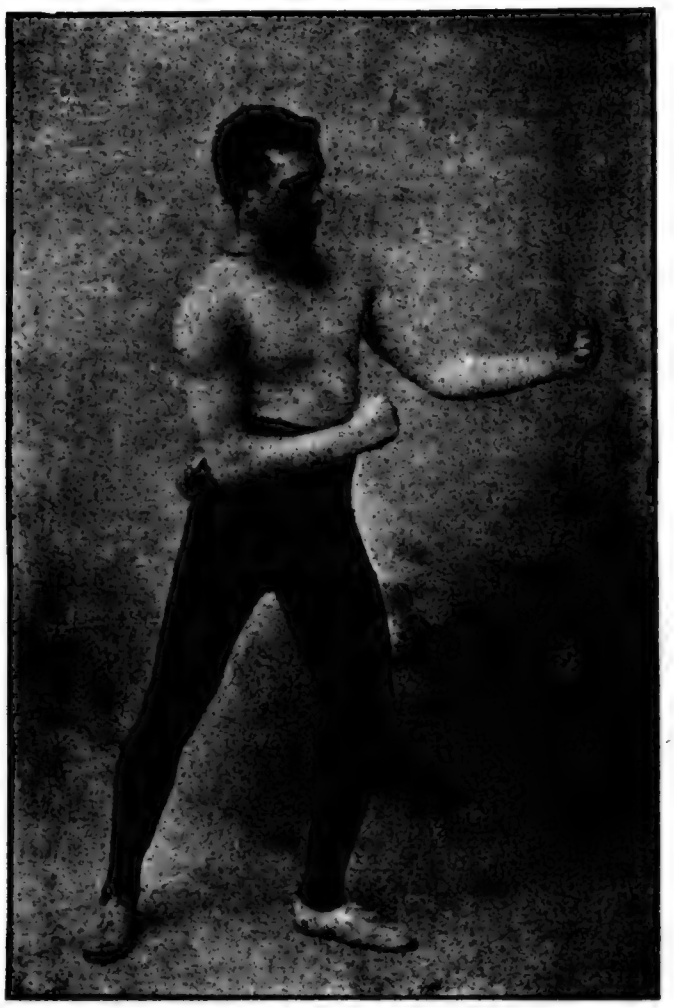
(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1900.—While "Kid" McCoy, the noted Indiana pugilist, was declared a winner over Joe Choynski, of California, at the end of the third round of their glove fight at the Broadway A.C. last night, a majority of the 5,000 spectators were not wholly convinced that he was justly entitled to the victory. An unfortunate mistake by the timekeeper of the club in the second round probably saved McCoy from being put to sleep. The "Kid" had been knocked down four times, and as the referee counted the tenth second on the fourth down the timekeeper rang his bell in such a manner that it made everybody believe that the fight was over. As the referee had not counted out McCoy, and as he alone had the privilege of doing so, it would seem that he had no right to ring the bell. Whether McCoy was down more than ten seconds or not by the watch is a question that will never be decided to the satisfaction of everyone. Choynski's timekeeper declared that McCoy was down twelve seconds. McCoy's timekeeper said that only nine seconds had elapsed, while Referee John White was positive that as he made the tenth count McCoy was on his feet. As it was the ringing of the bell cut forty seconds off the round. At the end of the third round as the bell rang McCoy landed a right hook on the jaw, which apparently knocked Choynski out. It looked as if the blow landed a second after the gong, and Choynski's seconds, together with many of the spectators, were almost positive that a foul had been committed. Choynski was in such a condition that he could not continue when called upon for the fourth round, and his seconds thereupon threw up the sponge. It was such a mix-up all around that the officials of the club concluded that an explanation was necessary. So Referee White made the following statement to the reporters: "The fourth time McCoy was knocked down in the second round I counted the tenth second as he was getting up. Consequently he was not counted out, and was able to continue. In this club, as in many others, the referee has the power to count a pugilist out. He does not do it with a watch in his hand, but simply tolls off the seconds according to his own judgment. Therefore, I say that the timekeeper had no right to ring the bell as he did, which gave the impression that McCoy was out. When the bell sounded I thought that the round was up, but at that it seemed to me to be too short. The men had gone to their corners, and I immediately asked Timekeeper Dunn what he rang the bell for. He made no explanation that I could hear; then I told him to ring it again. At first he refused. When he finally did ring the bell I ordered the men to go on, because there was no reason in my mind why they should not. At the end of the third round McCoy started a right-hand hook just as the gong sounded. It landed a fraction of a second after the bell and knocked Choynski down. It is not customary to declare such a blow a foul unless it appears intentional. In my estimation McCoy did not try to take advantage, and I do not know of an instance when a foul has been declared for such a cause. Therefore I refused to allow the protest of Choynski's seconds, and when he failed to come up for the fourth round I declared McCoy the winner, after which the sponge was thrown into the ring. It is an unfortunate state of affairs, but I am absolutely blameless in the matter." The fact that it cost only 1dol, 3dols, and 5dols for seats drew an immense crowd to the doors before seven o'clock, and at 8.30 o'clock the house was overflowing. Both McCoy and Choynski were at near-by resorts waiting to be called. McCoy was handled by Jemmy De Forest. Frank Hart, Homer Selby, and Joe Falvey. Choynski was cared for by Fred Hulsman, Owen Ziegler, and Dan Dougherty. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at catch-weights, for half the gate receipts, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. The men announced their weights as follows: McCoy 163lb, although he looked heavier; and Choynski 165lb. When they stripped Choynski appeared to be stronger as far as muscular development went. They shook hands at ten o'clock.

THE FIGHT.

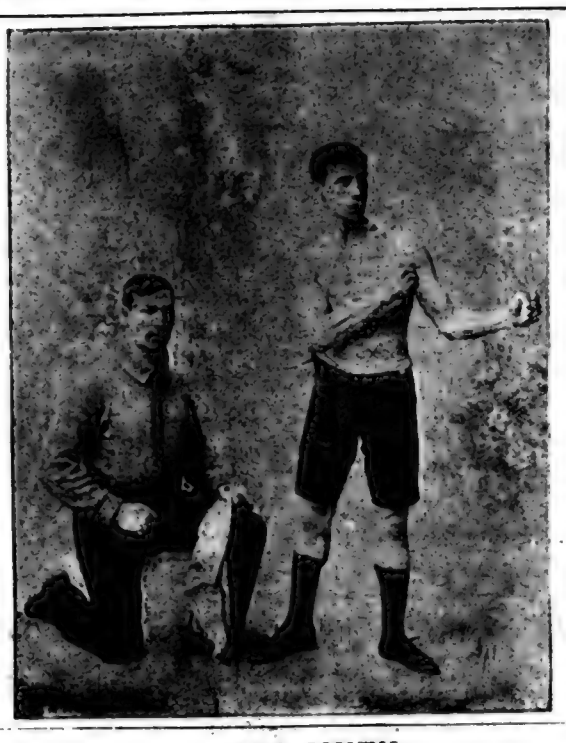
Round 1. McCoy began with light feints, his opponent skipping around lightly awaiting developments. Joe tried two short lefts, and then McCoy nailed him swiftly on the neck with a left. Joe was staggered, but he turned and rushed the "Kid" to a corner, where Choynski slipped down in a hard clinch. As they got into the middle of the ring McCoy shot over two lefts to the head, Joe countering hard on the body with right

(*Continued on page 14.*)



ALBERT HYDE,

The ex-Amateur Champion of the Midlands at 9st 6lb, who Turned pro. last Christmas, when he Challenged any Man at his Weight.



NAT SMITH,

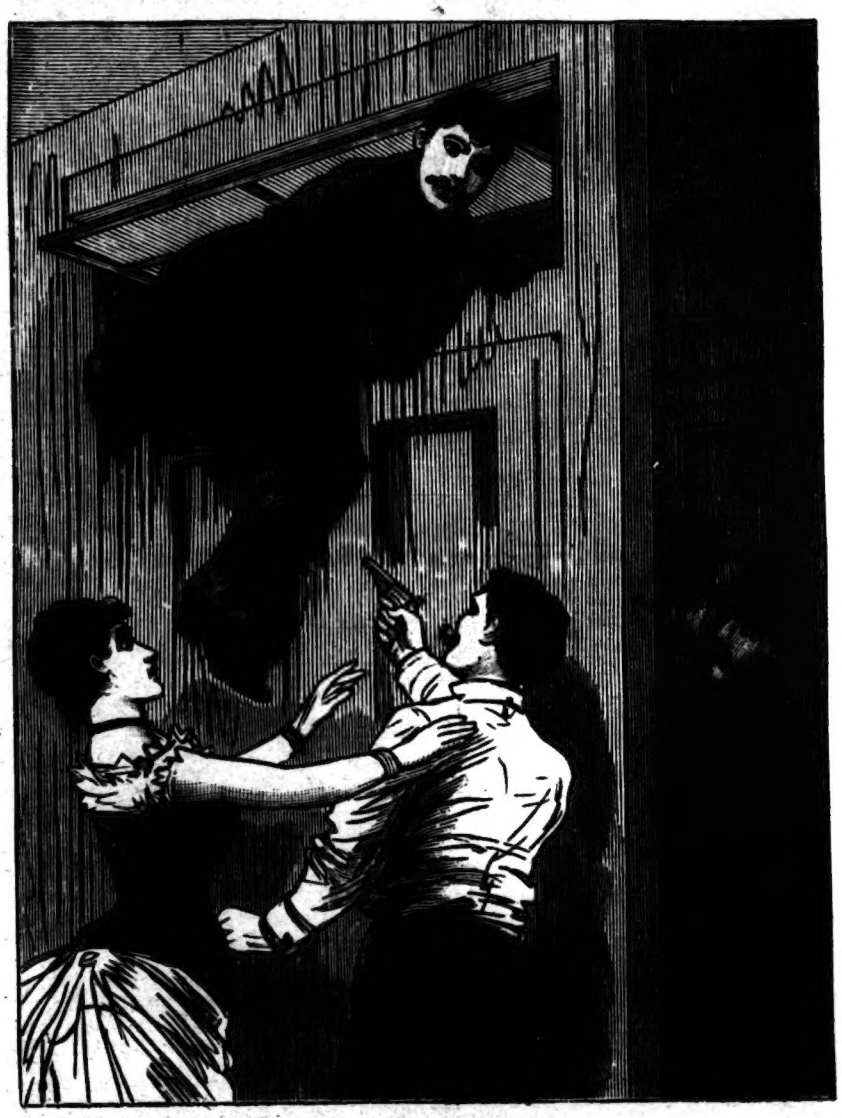
Who Met Will Curley at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, January 22, and Bill Whatley, his Trainer.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN HOME.

A Strange Meeting Between Brothers.

WHAT HIS WIFE SAW IN THE HOTEL LIFT.

She Caught her Husband Kissing the Maid.



CLIMBED INTO THE WRONG HOUSE.
Startled his Neighbours in the Early Hours.

JABEZ WHITE and BILLY BRANSON.
The 9st Champion and his Painstaking Trainer.

THE BOER GENERAL ON HIS WAY TO THE FRONT.
Joubert and Steyn Both Ride in Carriages to the Scene of Action.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

and left. McCoy was cautious, and made no attempt to hurry matters, but whenever he saw an opening for blows at long range he put them in. Choynski rushed toward the end of the round, but McCoy blocked him off in clever fashion. Odds of 100 to 25 were then offered on the "Kid" with no takers. Round 2. Both had wide open guards. Choynski started with short lefts, trying to feel his man out, but as McCoy showed no disposition to mix it Joe began to rush. He landed a heavy left on the "Kid's" neck and a fierce mix-up ensued. Choynski finally put the right over flush on the point of the jaw, and McCoy fell with a crash. He was blinking as if in pain, and was in poor shape. He groped for the ropes, and finally caught hold of them. The referee counted nine seconds, and McCoy staggered to his feet. Choynski promptly rushed him again, and with another swing on the jaw he put him down. McCoy's nose and mouth were bleeding so freely that his face was suffused. He took another count, and, getting to his feet, once more he tried to get away. He could hardly stand. Choynski rushed and with great punches he floored the "Kid" for the third time. Again the referee counted nine seconds, and when the "Kid" regained his feet this time, it looked to be all over. Choynski chased him half-way around the ring, McCoy fighting back with desperation, but with no strength. Another right hand belt on the jaw put him down. The referee started to count, and as he said ten McCoy was on his feet and landed a light blow on Choynski's head. Just then the timekeeper rang the bell a half dozen times, which is the usual signal that a man has been counted out. The crowd was in an uproar, believing that Choynski had won. Referee White ran over to timekeeper Dunn and asked him why he had rung the bell. The latter tried to explain, but there was such a hubbub that he could not make himself understood. The fighters had gone to their corners, and McCoy's seconds were working hard to put him in shape for the next round. According to unofficial watches, 2min 20sec had elapsed when Dunn rang the bell. McCoy's timekeeper admitted this. There were cries of "Fake!" and hoots as the referee and timekeeper continued to argue. Choynski's seconds demanded a victory, but were waived off. When 1min and 40sec had elapsed, the timekeeper rang the bell for the third round, and the row temporarily stopped. Round 3. McCoy had partially recovered by this time, and as Choynski, who was very strong, came at him full tilt, there was a terrific mix-up. Both men swung right and left for the head, with the idea of reaching the jaw as soon as possible. McCoy put in a left swing to the neck, and Choynski was knocked down. He jumped to his feet without taking a count. McCoy rushed at him with renewed confidence, but the "Kid" received an upper-cut that made him reel against the ropes. McCoy's face was covered with gore, and Choynski had a cut over the eye. They went at it again left and right without moment's let up, until Choynski received his second knock-down. Joe was strong enough to get up though without taking any time, and jumped into a clinch. They wrestled and roughed it into a corner. Both men were very weak in a moment, because all of their blows were landing, but Choynski outpunched his man and soon sent the "Kid" down. McCoy took no count, but, leaping up, went into another mix-up. The blows were landed so fast that they could not be counted, and the crowd stood up and shrieked. Choynski hooked a left to the chin and both went down in a h ap, McCoy pulling his antagonist with him. The "Kid" was groggier than ever and took nine seconds. They punched each other in a long rally until Choynski was sent to the boards with a swift jab on the throat. Joe got up without delay, but did not attempt to get to close range. The bell rang and perhaps a second after it McCoy landed a right hook on the point of the jaw, which felled Choynski like a log. His seconds picked him up in their arms and carried him to his chair. There were cries of foul because it was believed that McCoy had intentionally hit his man after the gong had sounded. Choynski remained apparently unconscious while in his corner, and his seconds lodged a protest of foul. Referee White refused to pay any attention to it. The bell rang for the fourth round, and the referee ordered the men to continue. Choynski could not stand up, and his second threw up the sponge. There was an uproar the moment McCoy was declared the winner. There were hoots and hisses, and also cheers, and when Choynski came to and got out of the ring he received an ovation. The crowd stood around for fifteen minutes discussing the affair, and then went out undoubtedly dissatisfied with the result. Both men were severely punished, McCoy's face being battered up worse than ever before in any of his fights in this city. Choynski did not dally very long in his dressing-room, and about fifteen minutes after the large crowd had filed out of the building he entered the office of the club and waited for his end of the purse money. The big Californian did not show any marks to speak of. Outside of a slight cut under the right jaw, there were no visible traces that he had been fighting. Referee White, matchmaker George Considine, and other officials of the club were present, and were surprised over the indifference which Joe displayed regarding the outcome. "I don't blame you, Johnny," said Joe, "You are all right. But the timekeeper was wrong. According to the ethics and rules of the ring I should have been declared the victor then and there. If ever a man was licked McCoy was. He had no chance after he got that punch on the jaw. Had I not been so anxious I would have surely finished him. But what's the use of crying over spilt milk, anyway? I don't remember striking McCoy after the gong, but I know he nailed me after time was up. I was partly dazed, and was about to go to my corner when he copped me. I suppose my seconds did right when they threw up the sponge. I'll admit I could not have toed the scratch on time, for the last punch I received put me out of it." Matchmaker Considine felt pleased over this statement, and asked Choynski if he would meet the "Kid" again. Joe was only too glad to get another chance to show his prowess, and signed articles to fight McCoy before the same club on February 20. The encounter will be for twenty-five rounds. Choynski also said that he had been engaged to train Jem Corbett for his fight with Jem Jeffries. McCoy spent only a few moments in the office, and, in company with Billy Muldoon, left for White Plains. The "Kid" was still in a dazed condition, and seemed ill at ease. His nose was bruised, and both of his eyes were cut. All he would say was: "He copped me nicely all right, and I was very groggy. But I won, and that's all there is to it. If I committed a foul I don't recall it. But I know he struck me after the bell had clanged. I was too confused, and cannot exactly state whether the last round was longer than it really should have been. I am satisfied to meet him again."

GOOD BOXING AT WOOLWICH.

THE DRILL HALL was patronised on Saturday last by the best audience yet seen at this select resort. A programme of seven contests with trials and exhibition boxing brought the largest assembly of sports yet seen at Woolwich, and with nearly two and three-quarter hours' superb boxing, the sports were well satisfied with the entertainment, but those who crossed the ferry were unable to return the same way because the boats stopped running over the fog, which was very inconvenient. The contest between Bob Ford and Jem Skinner was well worth seeing, the latter being more of the rough and tumble order, but he was always first, and he hit extra hard. Ford is a good game boxer, who always tries, and it was a battle throughout, both showing what gluttons for punishment our tars are, and the wish of the spectators was that old Paul Kruger was in the shoes of either. When Ford, who lately hailed from Birmingham, was almost out, he recuperated in a wonderful manner, and after being counted out arose and shaped at his rival. Another extra good bout was that between Bert Firmin and Bill Evans. The Welshman at the previous show had had a trial with Mustard, a novice of the noted runner, old Dave Isaacs, and a good showing on that occasion had gained him this item, the titbit of the evening. Evans in the second round had his eye discoloured, and with Firmin playing on it it began to swell, and finally the blood ran down his face in streams. Pluckily he fought on, and scored fast; but the punishment and loss of blood began to tell the tale, and to save a game man unnecessary punishment it was stopped and given to Firmin. Harry Barrett, who was billed to box eight rounds with Jem Wallace, failed to appear and another contest was staged, Wallace boxing a very fine exhibition with Pat Daly, late of America. The boxing was started at the usual hour, and there was no waiting the whole of the evening. The officials were Mr. Eugene Corri, referee, with Dave Isaacs as timekeeper, and Jack Richards as M.C. Brief details: Six Rounds Contest: "Boss" Stevens (Lambeth) beat Bill Harman (Bermondsey).—The latter was slightly heavier and Stevens forced the pace, but Harman had the advantage when they retired. Resuming, it was well contested till Harman was staggered with a blow on the solar plexus, and as he broke ground Stevens, with a left on the mark and the right on the jaw, ended the bout. Eight Rounds Contest: Jem Thomas (Wales) beat George Harris (Kentish Town).—They fiddled for an opening and then both led. After time had been called at the finish of the round Thomas hit Harris, and to show there was no ill-feeling they shook hands. When the second round had been decided it was Harris's turn, and after time he hit his opponent, and he apologised to the referee. When the fourth meeting had been decided there was a slight advantage in Thomas's favour. It was anyone's fight from here to the finish, and having slightly the best of it the award rightly went to Thomas, the verdict being received with cheers and hisses. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Churchill (Greenwich) beat "Jumbo" King (Lambeth).—The last named seemed frightened, and he was very slow, Churchill taking full advantage of it, running up a long lead. King went a little better and wiped off a little of his arrears, and with a hard punch in the seventh round Churchill knocked three of his rival's teeth out, and King retired. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Skinner, H.M.S. Revenge, and Bob Ford, H.M.S. Northumberland.—The first named was the heavier of the twain, and he eagerly tried to end the bout, hitting very hard, and it was an exciting round. At the second time of asking Ford was knocked down, but after remaining there nearly eight seconds arose and finished the round. Round 3. Recuperated by the minute's interval, Ford scored well, but was soon sent down; on rising Skinner went for him like a tiger, and repeating the dose sent his rival to the boards, and being unable to rise in ten seconds, left Skinner the winner. Eight Rounds Contest: George Raby (Canning Town) beat Sid Miles (Custom House).—This was a fine fight between two bantams, and after Raby seeming to have a very easy job on Miles came on and piled up points, and it was only at the finish that Raby regained the lead, and won. Eight Rounds Contest: Bill Stonelake (Clerkenwell) beat Bill Hullett (Islington).—Stonelake was the first to lead, reaching the dial, and again on the body, and he left off with the lead. Round 2. Again Stonelake forced the exchanges, and, more than holding his own, increased his advantage. Round 3. About half-way Hullett hurt his arm, and retired. A very fine exhibition bout was the next piece de resistance between Pat Daly (late of America) and Jem Wallace (Stepney), both being recalled at the close. Four rounds trial between "Nimble" White (Wapping) and Tom King (Aldgate).—This was a contest without a decision, both being in earnest, and it proved the best spar of the evening, and at the end of a punishing four rounds it was almost level. The wind-up was an Eight Rounds Contest between Bert Firmin (Deptford) and Bill Evans (Cardiff). A more genuine bit of game material than the Welshman it would be hard to find. A British bulldog in every way, he, when once started on a journey, never turned back, and in this battle he took a gruelling that almost anybody would have retired at, but not Evans. With his eye swollen and the blood running in rivulets down his cheeks he always answered to the call of time, and when the bout was stopped in the fifth round he had the advantage of points; but Mr. Corri, to save a good extra game man punishment, properly stopped it, and returned Firmin the winner. The assembly gave a tremendous cheer for the gallant representative of little Wales. Tuesday, February 8, is set aside for the next grand special night, when a magnificent programme will be put forward.

"CAUSTIC" RAN across Dick Perrin, otherwise "Curley," of Hackney, he was selling papers (that's no disgrace!). We have been referee upon occasions when he has boxed. There is one thing to be said he always gave weight away, and height especially, and although severely hard up in more ways than one, in the face of any odds he was a game goer and a sticker. He has been in 370 competitions. Can't someone help?

BENEFIT TO ALBERT PEARCE.—On January 30 Albert Pearce will be awarded a benefit at the Fulham Town Hall. As this boxer lost his sight owing to following his profession, it is to be hoped his friends will rally round him. Champions will positively appear and spar.

A GRAND FAREWELL BENEFIT performance is to be tendered at the Park Palace of Varieties, Mill Street, Liverpool, to the retiring manager, Mr. C. M. Riby, on Friday evening next, 26th inst. Amongst the many attractions to be presented will be an exhibition bout of scientific boxing by those well-known Liverpool bantams, Tommy Noble, 7st 4lb champion of North Wales, and his promising pupil, Eddie Neil, 6st 6lb champion of Liverpool. Mr. Chas. W. Nixon (Liverpool and district special representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE) will act as announcer and timekeeper on this auspicious occasion.

ERNIE PLUMMER, champion ball-puncher, and Dick Parks, of Tottenham, are taking a complimentary night at Holcombe Hall, Tottenham, on Monday, February 12. There will be a ball-punching competition for silver cup and medal for runner-up. Ernie Plummer will also give a unique show of punching the ball.

"KID" VEITCH, OF GATESHEAD, v. Jack Jones, of Newcastle.—On Monday next at the Standard, Gateshead, will be decided the contest between "Kid" Veitch and Jack Jones, both hailing from the neighbourhood of Newcastle. Veitch, it will be remembered, was matched with Joe Williams, of Rotherham, and fearing he could not get down to the weight he ("Kid") disappeared from his training quarters and for some time was nowhere to be found. Jack Jones, who prior to going into training, took a trip to London and visited the offices of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, looks a very useful young fellow at the weight (the 7st 8lb championship of the north).

NOTICE.

In consequence of pressure of matter, several important contests and the Boxing for Boys will appear next week.

JOE ELVIN AND CO. are appearing at the Paragon in that very comical sketch "The Squeaker."

MAGNIFICENT business is being done at the London Hippodrome.

LAST FRIDAY NIGHT was a big one at the London, Shoreditch, it being the occasion of the sixth anniversary of the opening.

TWO IMPORTANT ITEMS in the Cambridge programme are "The Shield of David," with John Lawson as the Zionist, and Mark Melford and Co. in the screamingly funny sketch, "My Wife Won't Let Me."

THE ENORMOUSLY successful American farce "What Happened to Jones" has replaced the farcical comedy "Jane," at Terry's Theatre.

"JEALOUSY," performed by Frank Gerald and powerful company, is well received at the Grand, Clapham Junction.

EDWIN BARWICK is a capital turn at Gatti's (Road). Some up-to-date pictures are being shown here through the medium of the Edison-Thomas machine.

MR. FRANK GLENISTER has exclusively engaged Miss Helen Dupont at the London Pavilion. Frank Lawton, the whistler who created a sensation in the "Belle of New York" Company, is also appearing here with a specially-fitted scene.

WAL PINK AND CO. provide a first-rate turn in a first-rate programme at the Middlesex with their sketch "An April Fool."

THERE IS THE usual up-to-date programme at the Canterbury, John Lawson and Co. in the sketch "Humanity," the Boisset Troupe in pantomime "The Evening Party," the one and only Chirgwin, Bransby Williams, Miss Vesta Tilley, and the extraordinary Kellinos are a few of the many popular turns.

THE PANTOMIME at the Royal is a big success, and consequently continues to attract large crowds. Miss Katie Lawrence is a first-rate turn. Miss Lizzie Howard in descriptive songs is thoroughly appreciated, and the smart head and hand balancing of the Whittingtons is also effective.

AT THE TIVOLI Joe Elvin is provided with a new sketch, entitled "To-night's the Night." Alec Hurley and troupe of costers and donahs are appearing in the successful "Lambeth Walk" scena, and Leo Stormont is singing "Sons of Our Empire" to tumultuous applause, and reciting the stirring poem, "Wait a Week or Two," for all it is worth.

THERE IS AN excellent company at Collins's. Fred Karno and Co. are appearing in their "Jail Birds" sketch, which goes with a roar from start to finish. Dainty Miss Jenny Valmore, clever Miss Fannie Leslie; Wertz and Judge are smart acrobats who introduce some clever fooling into their act; My Fancy, clever buck dancer; Alec Hurley, Harry Lister, the Mutograph, and many other turns push along a first-rate and warmly-appreciated show.

AT THE HAMMERSMITH PALACE Arthur Roberts tops a very fine bill, and contributes highly appreciated songs in his inimitable way. Chirgwin also receives a tremendous ovation, and his "Blind Boy" song, together with the rest of his singing and playing, keep the spectators interested and amused. Miss Lily Marney, J. C. Rich, Celeste, Dunning and Kahn, the Collinson Combination, Miss Amy Allnutt, the Royal Bio-Tableaux, Allan and Hart, and the Almaios also contribute most acceptably to the programme.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN, the latest Alhambra ballet, is a production that can be seen again and again. The ballet, besides being a dazzling display of shapely limbs, pretty faces, and smart uniforms, has a distinct vein of interest running thoroughout and is enlivened by charming music. The variety portion of the programme is also good, and embraces such capital turns as Rawson and June, boomerang throwers, &c., Wertz and Judge, quaint acrobats, the Ramblers, who juggle with plates, knives, forks, cups, and saucers, lamps, hats—in fact nothing is sacred to them in the cause of their art—Misko and his singing pony, "mein horse," and many others contribute capital items.

DAVE.

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Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
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